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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

RUSSIAN CRITICISM OF H. G. WELLS

DEMITRI MERESCHKOVSKI, a Russian writer of some distinction, replies in *La Revue Hebodamaire* to H. G. Wells's account of his trip to Russia. He apostrophizes Wells as follows: 'You have just seen an infant in the arms of a gorilla, and conclude that the child is worthy of its mother. But observe well, my dear sir, the gorilla may have stolen the human infant. You spent sixteen days in Russia. I have spent fifty years there. Russia to you is a stranger; to me, a mother. Believe me, I can distinguish the face of my mother from the face of a gorilla. If it were true that every nation was invariably worthy of the government it has, we should never have seen a revolution. . . . You call communism stupid. Why, then, do you not wish to see it overthrown?'

Continuing, more particularly with regard to Gorky, he says: 'You know, Mr. Wells, the price Gorky pays to save people? It is at the cost of debasement. I do not mean that those whom he rescues are physically maltreated, but they are spiritually tortured with a refinement which it is impossible to describe.'

Apparently, a literary feud between the two writers survives from some earlier period, to which Mereschkovski occasionally alludes. He refers to Lenin as the autocrat, and to Gorky as his supreme pontiff. 'The power which Lenin holds over their bodies, Gorky holds over their souls.'

In conclusion, he reminds Mr. Wells of his own romance, *The War of the Worlds*, and asks: 'Do you know what the Bolsheviki are? They are not men or beasts, or even devils, but your Martians. Not only in Russia, but all over the world, we are threatened with what you describe so powerfully in your own book, *The War of the Worlds*. The Bolsheviki have invaded Russia openly, but they are undermining as well every other land. The most dreadful thing about them is not that they have committed atrocities, but that they are beings who belong to another world. Their bodies are not ours, their souls are not ours. They are alien to us children of the earth, in every impulse and fibre of their peculiar nature.'

This author's wife, in a contribution to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, relates the following experience with Gorky: 'Right after the Bolshevist revolution, we begged Gorky to intercede for the imprisoned cabinet ministers. The

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wives of these gentlemen, two of whom were shot, later, by their prison guards, were in the same room. Gorky refused, roughly and bluntly. I remember he was quite offensive about it. I, finally, reproached him: "Your own conscience tells you that you should do this, nevertheless. You know Lenin and the others. Why won't you say a word for them?" Gorky bellowed back at me: "Because . . . I . . . can't talk . . . with those scoundrels!" That was the situation on November 4, 1917. To-day, Gorky converses intimately with Lenin, not only in Moscow but also, when they are apart, by long distance telephone from Petrograd; and calls him familiarly by his intimate name, Ilyitsch.'

RUSSIA'S MILITARY MACHINE

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Daily Telegraph*, who, apparently, possesses some detailed information regarding the Russian army, says that though the nominal strength is larger, the real strength is about 600,000 infantry and 50,000 cavalry. It disposes of perhaps 10,000 machine guns of various systems — Maxim, Colt, and Lewis. The artillery has a nominal establishment of 4,800 guns both light and heavy. However, the real number, including field artillery, probably does not exceed 3,000. Each of the 60 infantry and 18 cavalry divisions has special signaling, aviation, motor transport, and army service units.

Of these forces, about 120,000 men are on the Black Sea coast in the Caucasus, or in Persia; 100,000 are in Central Asia and Siberia; at least 400,000 are on the Western front, of whom about 10 per cent are cavalry. These forces do not include the army of the interior, about 80,000 strong, which is really a police force, and consists mostly of communists and of Lett, Hungarian, and Chinese mercenaries.

GERMAN LOCOMOTIVES FOR SPAIN

GERMAN manufacturers recently won a competition contract for supplying locomotives to the Spanish railways, which are about to renew their rolling stock on the strength of loans promised by their government. Belgian makers offered locomotives at a lower price, but could not supply the number required at the date specified, or furnish the financial security demanded. The German makers ask 325,000 pesetas per engine (about $43,000), and undertake to deliver about 210 within ten months. They agree to deposit a 10 per cent guarantee fund, to be forfeited in case of nonfulfilment of the contract, to take payment only when the order is completed, and to accept payment either in pesetas or marks at the option of the purchasers.

German motor-car manufacturers are increasing their capital, and smaller German works show a tendency to amalgamate. The purpose, according to European observers, is 'the concentration of all means for meeting United States competition.'

NAVAL POLICIES IN THE PACIFIC

A CORRESPONDENT addresses three questions to the London *Times* upon the situation in the Pacific. Can Great Britain keep a fleet in the Far East strong enough to protect Australasia from Japan's growing navy? Would a British Labor government employ the navy to protect Australasia in case of Japanese aggression? Would America, always slow to interfere in foreign wars, come to Australia's assistance? This is apropos of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and the conclusion of the correspondent is: 'Unless Japan can be influenced to suspend her programme, or the Alliance be dropped or modified to include Amer-

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ica, this competition in new ships between America and Japan will intensify. And if we cannot insure against sudden attack by one of the competitors, or count on equally sudden help from the other, the building of both only adds to our insecurity.'

PSYCHIC RESEARCH IN GERMANY

RECENTLY, we printed an article describing the revival of interest in occultism in Berlin. *Berliner Tageblatt* devotes an article to this subject, in which a dozen or more new theosophical and psychic research organizations are mentioned as having been founded since the war. The smallest of these societies already has more than one thousand members. Some of these organizations publish periodical reports; one series bears the title, *Archives of Revelations from the Other Side*. Among the more serious of these societies is the Anthroposophische Gesellschaft which has over eight thousand members. It possesses an 'occult temple' upon which 4,000,000 marks have already been expended. This building is used for dramatic representations, occult dances, and university courses. Another of these societies is known as The Coming Day. It is a 'corporation for promoting scientific and spiritual wisdom' and was founded in Stuttgart. Over 15,000,000 marks have already been subscribed to it; 25,000,000 marks of shares have been issued. Other societies have laboratories for studying materialization phenomena, with elaborate photographic apparatus and arrangements by which the medium sits in a balance during her trances, in order that variations in weight may be automatically recorded.

ENGLISH VILLAGE CENTERS

A CONTRIBUTOR to the London *Daily Chronicle* observes that village halls are revolutionizing country life in England. 'A little while ago, we had three distinct and very rigidly defined classes. They were the country people; the new comers, whose men folk go to London every day to make money; and the villagers, including a few trades people.' Now, the boundaries between these classes are being broken down and, to quote the same informant, 'five and twenty years hence, I shall not be surprised to find the grocer's wife taking tea with the lady of the Elizabethan mansion one day, and with the wife of a London business man the next.' Prior to the coming of the village hall, life in these small country places was extraordinarily dull. Young people had to go to the nearest county town or city to find entertainment. Now, 'the best variety of amusements are to be found at home.' There are a choral society, a dramatic society, a dancing club, and other organizations of the kind, employing and supported by local talent.

POLAND'S FINANCIAL DISTRESS

POLAND seems to be running a neck and neck race with Austria toward the goal of national insolvency. Its total indebtedness, including the note circulation of 50,000,000,000 marks, amounts to no less than 165,000,000,000, requiring an annual interest expenditure of 12,000,000,000 marks. Five per cent of the country's foreign trade consists of exports, and 95 per cent of imports. Under these hopeless conditions, the country is trying to realize upon the state property, available as security for foreign loans. According to the *Weltwirtschafts-Zeitung*, a group of American capitalists has offered the government a credit of one half billion dollars in return for a 30-year lease of the railways. A Dutch concern is taking over the oil wells.

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MINOR NOTES

SOME of the radical papers in Germany are printing translations of English classics and current novels as *feuilleton* stories. *Die Rote Fahne*, the organ of the German Communists, is printing Thackeray's *Yellow Plush Papers* as a serial, and *Leipziger Volkszeitung* is printing Upton Sinclair's *Jimmie Higgins*. *Kim* is also appearing as a serial in the Liberal *Independance Belge*.

BOOT and shoe manufacturers in Great Britain seem to have prospered during 1920. Although the reports of several of the larger companies show reduced net earnings, their dividends have been maintained at from 12½ to 17½ per cent.

ITALY is showing great enterprise promoting commerce with other countries. Its representatives in Georgia are reported to have secured, recently, important concessions including control of the rich coal fields of Tkvarcheli, within twenty miles of the shores of the Black Sea. A commission consisting of engineers, financiers, and shipping and trading experts has been touring South America. During its investigations in Ecuador, an exposition of the natural products of the country was held in Quito. An Italian Ecuador Company has been formed to develop trade and industry and extend Italian markets in that country.

ACCORDING to a recent computation, Austria devotes only a little over three per cent of the total budget to the support of its military forces. Over 19 per cent of the total public expenditures of France, and 12½ per cent of those of Great Britain are for the army. Czechoslovakia allots nearly 17 per cent of its revenues to the same purpose, and Yugoslavia more than 28 per cent. Hungary, Austria's next door neighbor, has assigned 22½ per cent of its budget for military purposes.

THE Finnish Parliament ratified the Dorpat Treaty with Bolshevist Russia by a majority of 163 to 27. The dissenters based their opposition mainly on moral or sentimental grounds. The treaty recognizes definitely the independence of Finland, requires Finland to neutralize the Finnish Gulf, and to disarm certain fortifications on its coast which threaten the approach to Petrograd, and provides for the cession of all the district of Petchenga to Finland, in fulfilment of a promise made by the Tsar before the revolution.

ARMSTRONG, WHITWORTH & COMPANY, well known as one of the largest engineering firms in the world, has entered into a contract with the Russian government, contingent upon the conclusion of a trade agreement between that government and Great Britain, for the repair of some twenty Russian locomotives a week. Such contracts are, of course, an argument in favor of entering into trade relations with Russia sure to appeal strongly to British manufacturers with idle plants, and to unemployed British working people.

AT a recent meeting of Bolshevist propaganda directors in foreign countries — that is, foreign to Russia — the reports from Great Britain are said to have been very discouraging to the Communists. The propagandists have discovered that the English workman bases his communism, not on Marx, but upon the Bible, and 'this circumstance completely excludes the opportunity of a further revolutionizing of the masses.'

Stead's Magazine (Melbourne) estimates that over ten million Germans

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will be obliged to emigrate in order to find fields of employment denied them in the present diminished Germany. Since the United States and the British dominions 'foolishly refuse to allow German immigrants to set foot on their territories,' they must go to South America or to Russia. High steamship fares exclude all but the well-to-do from the journey to the South Atlantic countries. Consequently, a majority will go to Russia, which is likely to be developed by German science and labor, and thus to become under German tutelage 'the dominating country in the old world.'

ACCORDING to German computations, that country has already delivered property to the value of more than twenty-one billion gold marks to the Entente authorities. This consists of some ten billions of shipping, railway rolling stock, coal and coke, dyes, and other deliveries in kind; eight billion marks represented by imperial and state property, the Saar mines, the oversea cables, and the like, and well toward three billion marks credits to Germany for the support of the troops in occupation, the Interallied Commissions, and sums paid for imported food stuffs and raw materials.

PARIS is laughing over the experience of a young diplomat who recently returned from Peking, the happy possessor of a 'remarkably ancient' and imposing *cloisonné* vase which he had purchased from a native antiquarian of that city. As he was boasting to some friends that it antedated even the Ming dynasty, a connoisseur discovered, engraved in microscopic letters, the familiar 'Made in Germany.'

EUROPE'S beet sugar production increased appreciably the past season. Germany will make one eighth more than in 1919. Czecho-Slovakia will have some 10,000,000 hundredweight to export. Poland and Holland also will have a slight surplus to sell abroad. In Austria, Hungary, Scandinavia, Belgium, Italy, and Spain home requirements will be nearly covered, although Austria and Hungary will have to import a small amount. Belgium's crop increased from less than 3,000,000 to 4,500,000 hundredweight. While the crop in France is nearly double that last year, it will supply but a third of the country's consumption.

DISTURBANCES occurred last autumn at Broome in Western Australia originating in disputes between Japanese and Malays. The former are accused in the British reports of being the aggressors and trying to run their Malay competitors out of the pearling industry by force. The result was a general riot in which two Japanese were killed. Apparently, the whites intervened only for the purpose of restoring order.

PARTLY on account of the prevailing scarcity and high cost of coal in Europe, and partly as a result of technical advances in its utilization, peat is being increasingly used for fuel. One railway company in Sweden operating four hundred kilometres of line employs peat exclusively to fire its locomotives. A Norwegian coasting company uses peat fuel on its boats, and maintains a more regular service than when it used bunker coal, which could not always be procured.

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[*Le Correspondant* (Liberal Catholic Bi-Monthly), *February 10*]

SINN FEIN PSYCHOLOGY. I

[This anonymous article, whose author is apparently a Frenchman familiar at first hand with conditions in Ireland, is possibly colored by two opposing currents of feeling — religious sympathy and political disapproval. It appears in a periodical not likely to have much tolerance for Ulster, but perhaps even less tolerance for a movement which either has played into the hands of Germany in the past, or may do so in the future.]

WHAT strikes one most in the Sinn Fein idea is its extremism; I mean its deliberate and definite refusal to recognize whatever does not accord with its conception of right. Nothing could be more in contrast with the eternal spirit of compromise and give-and-take so dear to the English. The latter say: 'What do you want? Economic favors? A better school system? You can always discuss such matters.' Griffith answered in his recent Manchester address: 'Get out of Ireland first. We will talk afterwards.' However, nothing angers a Sinn Feiner more than to be called an extremist. Valera protested against that term not long ago, in America: 'We demand unqualified freedom for all our country. We are an ancient nation, native to the land. You call us extremists; and yet, you Americans, when you made the same demand for yourselves, were only a British colony. Were you likewise extremists?'

But, if you strip the term of the questionable implications it has recently acquired in current speech, and go back to its original meaning, you will find this statement itself extremist. For, if you sound these men to the bottom, what do you find? Absolute faith in the power of ideals, in the inevitable victory of justice. That explains their inflexible attitude in face of invincible odds — odds which England's victory in the World War make ridiculous. But no! Why should they compromise with their enemy, when it is so certain that abstract justice will eventually triumph? If you go still further, and try to explain the source of this idealism, I think you will find it in the composition of the party, in the fact that Sinn Fein is typically Irish.

The faith of the Sinn Feiner is intuitive and direct. It is a perfectly spontaneous mental attitude, more sentimental than rational, more poetical than logical. At the bottom, it is a form of religious exaltation. Its adherents are not content with ultimate harmony between facts and abstract right. They insist upon the immediate and substantial identification of force with justice.

Robert Brennan, a propagandist of this movement, said to me one day: 'The nations which engaged in the World War fought to destroy militarism and to liberate the small nations; that liberates Ireland.' I objected: 'Your reasoning is perfectly just in the abstract. But the real influence of the war has been to encourage settling questions by force. Nations, whether satiated with victory or exhausted by defeat, are naturally withdrawing within themselves, and are not disposed to exert themselves for Ireland. On the other hand, Ire-

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land's attitude toward the Allies may easily injure its cause.' These objections never touched him. He was wrapped up in his own vision of the war, as a war for justice, from which Ireland automatically emerged a free country.

Another Sinn Feiner explained to me, that *Dail Eireann* represented the only legislative body existing by the consent of the Irish people, and therefore it was exclusively entitled to that people's loyalty and was the *de facto* government. I suggested that it was so *de jure* but not *de facto*. The *de facto* government is the one that imprisons its opponents. But he was unyielding on this point, and kept repeating: 'English rule is illegal, so it does not really exist.' In this instance, too, I was curiously struck by the man's inability to distinguish between the ideal and the actual. These gentlemen are millennialists, awaiting their halo with the confidence of perfect faith, as confident of triumph as of the rising of the next day's sun. That is why they are so uncompromising. That explains why you cannot make the slightest impression upon their minds. This mystical faith in justice, unless I am greatly mistaken, is precisely what gives their thinkers a caste so peculiarly Irish.

A worldly old banker once remarked to me: 'The three kinds of people among whom you find the most numskulls are army officers, teachers, and clergymen.' What that old cynic said in the spirit of contempt, may easily be said in a spirit of eulogy. These gentlemen are not wise in worldly affairs, because their interest is generally absorbed by higher things. The fact that the Sinn Fein leaders are mostly men of the intellectual class is, possibly, a second explanation for the idealism of the party.

Mr. De Valera was formerly a teacher of mathematics, of all branches of science, the one farthest from the solid ground. Eoin MacNeill, head of the Irish Volunteers in 1916 and now Deputy for the National University of Ireland, one of the best Celtic scholars of Europe, was formerly professor of Irish History at University College, Dublin. MacDonagh, who was shot after the rebellion, was an assistant professor in the same college, and likewise a distinguished poet. Pearse, who was president of the provisional government, and who also was shot, was a veteran teacher in his own school at Rathfarnham, close to Dublin — an institution situated in a beautiful park with running water, where, according to legend, Robert Emmet, when an outlaw, used to meet under the greenwood trees his beautiful fiancée, Sarah Curran. Today, the general staff gathered around Griffith and de Valera is composed of lawyers, doctors, professors, and students, most of whom are very young. The group contains hardly one business man, manufacturer, or banker. To be sure, people of that class are always rare in revolutionary movements, where politics do not pay. The National University, with its three colleges at Galway, Cork, and Dublin, has become more solidly Sinn Fein, in direct measure as the younger generation has grown up. It elected eight Sinn Feiners to the Senate at one time, and is becoming a nursery of Irish leaders. You cannot expect to find men ready for compromises and deals in these scholarly circles — which are at the same time the honor and the danger of the party. No man is so inflexible as a thinking man who believes he is right.

I say 'danger for the party,' because politics is a business. It demands business heads; it does not accommodate itself to hard and fast theories. I say

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'honor,' because such leaders are absolutely honest. To proclaim one's self a partisan of the Irish Republic to-day, is to expose one's self to persecution with no personal advantage in return. Men who take that risk are evidently inspired by enthusiasm and devotion to an idea.

Such disinterested sacrifice inspires respect even in their adversaries. Certainly, Colonel Moore sympathized with the Sinn Feiners when, saluting the men shot in 1916, he declared: 'They would be the flower of any nation.' . . . Nearly all of them are poor. For most of them, the four hundred pounds salary now received by members of the British Parliament would represent a liberal income. Yet not a single man has consented to take the necessary oath of allegiance to the King; not a single one has even wavered. Each member elected continues his simple life as before; returns to his teacher's desk, his office, or his workshop. Valera, a poor man who had no residence in Dublin, spent his time gratuitously traveling back and forth on the railway and refused for a long period to permit an auto to be hired for these journeys. If Ireland should become free, and its government profitable, it will have a new generation of statesmen, who will travel about in Rolls-Royce cars.

Such men emulate each other in honor. It is their only real treasure. Not long ago, a Sinn Fein deputy, Ernest Blythe, became a member of the War Board. Soon after Hunt was killed, there was discovered on Blythe at the time of his arrest, a manuscript letter proposing to boycott the police. An effort was made to associate the two things. Blythe was engaged. Did he fear too long a separation from his fiancée? What was his real motive? In any case, he did not confine himself to proving that the letter was not his own, but added that it did express his own ideas. The embarrassment, sadness, almost censure, with which his comrades learned of this feebleness, was very striking. Happily for him, he was sentenced to a year in prison. That saved his reputation.

On the other hand, the cheerful enthusiasm with which each in turn betakes himself to prison, and the evident disinterestedness of the chiefs of the movement, are themselves most efficacious propaganda. The measure of repression recently adopted, and the constant aggravation of conditions in Ireland, do the rest.

Consequently, conversions are numerous. Sometimes, they reveal how singularly persuasive pure doctrine may become. A young man of an ancient family of Norman origin, whose father, a hereditary baronet, was a Redmond deputy in Parliament, chanced to see near Oxford, where he was studying, a group of Irishmen deported after the rebellion in 1916. Captivated by their cause, and breaking all his family and social ties, he became, two years later, a Republican candidate, opposing his own father. To-day, he is secretary of the Republican 'Embassy' at Washington. But the most striking case of spontaneous conversion of this sort is that of Barton, who is a Protestant, an Englishman, and a large land owner. He is the proprietor of a great estate in the County of Wicklow. Before the war, he was an Irish Volunteer. When the Redmond Volunteers and the Sinn Fein Volunteers divided, he followed the former and became an officer in the English army. At the time of the rebellion he chanced to be in Dublin. The courage and loyalty of the insurgents, of whom he disapproved, moved him. The measures of repression adopted by the British government aroused his indig nation. He began to feel that his true

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place would never be in the trenches of France defending the Empire, but in Ireland defending his own Fatherland. He secured release from the army as an agriculturist.

On his estate at Wicklow, under favorable surroundings, his new sympathies grew stronger. He became a candidate of the Independence Party, and was elected. Soon after, he was arrested and imprisoned at Mountjoy, but succeeded in making one of those spectacular escapes which stir all Ireland. For two years he was 'on the run,' now and then appearing in a little circle of trusted friends, but always escaping his persecutors. Late in 1920, he was finally captured, and condemned by court-martial to ten years of hard labor, on the charge that he had threatened the life of the Lord Lieutenant. This sentence was commuted to three years. He is now in prison at Portland, wears regulation prison garb, his head is shaven, and he is compelled to observe all the rules of common prisoners. He can write but one letter and receive but one visitor, each four months. His companions are ordinary criminals. Yet, we recognize that Barton's case is only one of many. What he has experienced, every generous, youthful, and romantic heart in Ireland feels. In such a country, the masses move together.

Naturally, Sinn Fein idealism, and particularly its intransigeance, contains a large element of illusion. Such high-strung patriotism is impossible without a certain blindness to actual facts. Among the party members are men simultaneously ardent internationalists and passionate jingoes. They do not see beyond their village. They would set Europe on fire to cook the Irish egg. Their compatriot, Bernard Shaw, has rallied them with his cruel irony: 'When the Peace Conference of the universe opens, some Irishman will jump to his feet and shout: 'Ireland, gentlemen. . . .'

The criticism is a fair one. For these gentlemen, Ireland is the centre of the world. But what they cannot see is that the rest of mankind take the same view of their own countries. The most cruel fact for these enthusiasts is that the Irish question is hardly discussed in Europe, and — it is by no means a commendable truth — public opinion in Europe is utterly indifferent to Ireland.

We frequently hear it said that the Irish-Americans will bring about, if not a war, at least a condition of permanent animosity between the United States and England; that the Irish in Canada and Australia will some time be strong enough to threaten the bonds of the Empire; that when the Senate in Washington rejected the Treaty of Peace, it was on account of Article X, which threatened the liberty of Ireland. These statements are constantly repeated to the Irish at home with such a tone of conviction that even an outsider is almost inclined to take them at face value. One must live in the country to appreciate the effect of continually reiterated general affirmations of this sort. Only when one retires within himself, does he realize how far-fetched such assertions are, and begin to wonder, with a little disquiet, whether the Sinn Feiners themselves are honest, or merely feigning when they make such statements. I believe them sincere.

They are both the authors and victims of their own incantations. Their unanimity begets faith. Moreover, they are a race more impulsive than prudent, more ardent than critical. The spirit of illusion is in their blood. With this spirit of illusion is allied invincible optimism, enthusiastic idealism, and a disposition to anticipate facts, to believe that the act and

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the idea coincide. An Irishman to whom I propounded this theory once, replied: 'You are right. But just consider; had we not this faculty of self-illusion, how could we have kept up such an unequal struggle for three centuries? Ireland would have been dead, because it would have despaired.' It was a beautiful and melancholy answer, weighty with tragic truth. Yes, this readiness to believe what they wish is inborn, but it is also necessary. Yes, they believe what they say; but if they did not believe, they would have to feign belief. Would the rebels of 1916 have fought as they did if their leaders had not beguiled them with imaginary aid from Germany? Would the country have voted as it did in 1918, if its leaders had not promised independence?

So, it was necessary to feed the popular imagination with two prospective events: independent representation of Ireland at the Peace Conference; and after that failed, a campaign against the treaty in the United States. Happily for the leaders, the second turned out as predicted. If it had not, what a disappointment would have awaited their return! What a tempest of unpopularity would have been loosened upon their heads! Not that one can see clearly any substantial gain which Ireland derives from Washington's rejection of the treaty. If America continues to hold aloof from the League of Nations, that does not affect the strength and influence of the Empire, or the maintenance of its sovereignty over Ireland.

But the common people are satisfied for the moment. They see that England has suffered a rebuff; that is enough. De Valera can return to Dublin. The next task is to keep the people encouraged until something new turns up; some new goal to gain, some new hurdle to leap. Sinn Fein is thus forced by the logic of events to repeat, indefinitely, its policy of banking everything on some single issue, in order to keep the nation keyed up to the point of rebellion. Some of its leaders realize this, I am certain. I have seen photographs of De Valera in America, showing him so careworn, so sad, so bowed down by the misery and discouragement of his people! A few of the leaders, whose minds work most logically, or whose information is widest, or whose journeys about the world on propaganda missions have liberated them from the self-imposed mental blockade of Ireland itself, see things in their true proportion, and appreciate what I have just said. One of them remarked to me: 'Perhaps you are right. But even if they see the truth, they will not admit it.' This answer may help the reader to comprehend what a singular thing this Sinn Fein movement is; a mixture of bluff, auto-suggestion, and faith, almost impossible to analyze, and yet so typically Irish!

Another time, one of its leaders said to me, that too much analysis, too clear a vision of things as they are, might be dangerous even for the chiefs. Would it not paralyze their energy? What do men who affect lucid, disillusioned vision really do for the cause? Nothing, because they say there is nothing to do. That is an easy solution. Far more difficult, but far worthier, is the attitude of the young leaders, who without, perhaps, expecting anything definite in the immediate future, have the courage to admit this, and frankly tell their followers: 'Don't ask me to promise anything. I do not know what the outcome will be. Do your duty! You ask when we shall have deliverance? I do not know. Do your duty! Obey orders; face the music; pay no fines; go to prison; ask nothing. Do your duty! Perhaps you will reap the reward, yourself. Perhaps your children.

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or your grandchildren. That is not important. Do your duty!'

Now, what are the moral motives which inspire these young men? Some of them are personal, others are more general. Among the first is certainly a desire for glory,—for glory in all its phases; youthful aspiration for glory in its highest sense. Consider, a moment. All these young men are under thirty or about that age. They have won a victory over the veterans, over a solid well-disciplined party organization. They have won a complete and absolute victory; and it is Sinn Fein, a romantic doctrine, which has consecrated these new leaders over night. Let them prove worthy of their mission.

Then, too, they are inspired by that emulation of honor which I have already mentioned. Ireland is not a large country. The Sinn Fein executive is a rather narrow group, where each member knows intimately all his associates. No man will fall behind his neighbor; if possible, he seeks to excel him. No man will fail before the eyes of his sisters, of his fiancée, or more generally before the eyes of his wife. For women, you should bear in mind, play an important rôle in this little band. One of them explained to me one day how useful their influence was for the cause; how it inspired the courage of the men; how a serious, masculine, and if need be heroic spirit, had replaced the traits of femininity among them. This lady talked like Madame Roland.

Furthermore, these young people love glory for its own sake. You find in Irish shops, side by side with popular songs, picture postcards and stamps with the portraits of Pearse, of Connolly, or of Valera. By Irish firesides you will see the strong features of MacDonagh, or the youthful, frank, and noble face of MacDermott, which recalls, if I may venture to compare him with a Saxon, the fine countenance of Lord Grey. Irish girls have a little sheet inserted in their prayer books, containing the names of the sixteen martyrs, including Sir Roger Casement, who fell for Ireland during Easter week. I suspect that these young leaders will venture much in order to have their portraits by the fireside and in the shop windows, and that they will be consoled for many risks and perils with the thought that, perhaps, their memory will be preserved in future prayer books.

But, side by side with this love for glory which is common to the whole world, there is something else less easily defined because it is more Irish; something resembling the passion of martyrs. Undoubtedly, it is partly derived from the Christian faith which colors their education, and which molds the psychology of the race. But there is something beyond that, still more peculiar to themselves. The fact that they are the weaker party, that they are destined to be crushed, is for them but an added motive to endure to the last.

> 'Tis better to have fought and lost
> Than never to have fought at all.

MacBride, who was shot in 1916, inscribed this couplet on his banner when, twenty years before, he led an Irish brigade to the aid of the Boers. In their poetry, even in their most ancient epics, the Irish seldom chant the praise of power and triumph; they more often sing the lament of the disinherited or the vanquished in a just cause. Ireland has a sort of despairing tenderness for the unfortunate. And if the sacrifice which these young men are making is to prove useless, that is but one more reason why they should make it.

But it will not be useless. For — and

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this is the contradiction I have already referred to — but a contradiction, above all in the case of the Irish, has no bearing upon sentiment; they feel that no sacrifice is entirely in vain. The death of Pearse and his companions made Sinn Fein a great party. A month's imprisonment brings them more recruits than a hundred speeches. Every effort to crush them adds to their strength. Every example of devotion to their cause is a powerful pleader for their cause. These are facts of experience, with which they come into daily contact, and which whisper in their ears: Courage!

THE LAND OF PESSIMISM

[Although Spain did not participate in the war, it has suffered severely from the economic reaction which followed. Its people have been profoundly stirred by the political and social ideals awakened by the war, and by recognition of the gulf between Spain's actual condition and the realization of those ideals in its national life. This, possibly, explains the profound pessimism which prevails among publicists and press writers of that country. The first of the following articles is by Emilio Riu, a senator of the kingdom, former under-secretary of the treasury, and editor of *La Revista Nacional de Economia*, in a recent issue of which it originally appeared. The second article is from the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* (January 12), now a moderate Socialist daily, and is by a Spanish contributor, Fabra Ribas.]

I

WHAT would be the best way to govern Spain so as to insure, simultaneously, its survival and its backwardness; to prevent its becoming a great and powerful nation as it might, and yet, permit it to exist? In my opinion, the answer to this question is to be found in the study of our existing political system. Normally, every government strives to promote the progress of its country; but that is a policy which does not prevail, and never has prevailed, in Spain. Whatever progress the country has made has been in spite of the government, and in face of the active discouragement of the government. Industries which manage to escape the attention of the treasury and the administration live and prosper. Whenever the authorities interfere with the industrial life of the country, the branch of production which receives this token of their favor immediately becomes paralyzed, and capital flees from it.

When the war ended, and the fighting powers signed the armistice — by their signature simply insuring new wars and newer and greater disasters — we, technically, entered the post-war period. Trade was demoralized and social revolt was abroad. But in spite of that, business began to revive in countries whose economic life had been at a standstill for the five years during which their national energy was absorbed in their own defense. However, that era of fierce competition which was predicted after the war has not appeared. Quite the contrary. Europe is sinking into a slough of despond which already imperils the survival of its civilization.

The reconstruction of their devastated territories, and efforts to balance production and consumption have prevented competition among the victorious powers. No stocks of goods

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exist to which the law of supply and demand can be applied; so we have no truly economic market. We are, still, far from reaching that point of saturation where a surplus of products begets competition and controls prices. Possibly, we shall never again reach that point.

Economic phenomena of transcendental importance pass unperceived, although they occur in full public view. The processes of production, temporarily disorganized and chaotic as they are, nevertheless tend to organize themselves in new forms, inviting increasing government regulation and control.

Liberty is disappearing, and competition with it. Our classical economy is shaken to the foundation. Great syndicates of producers and dealers, trusts, and private monopolies have already made competition in many fields a thing of the past, which may never return, even if Europe should succeed in preserving the institution of private property.

In the midst of the new world now vaguely taking form, where is Spain to stand? What is Spain doing to profit from the economic lessons of the war?

Spain is a country whose life and history cannot be explained by the laws applicable to other countries. Misgovernment, or better said, no government, is its normal political state.

We are struggling to-day with the same problems which filled the messages from the throne back in the reigns of Alphonso XII, Isabella II, and even Ferdinand VII. Illiteracy, emigration, under-nourishment, lack of sanitation, habitual corruption in the civil service, usurpation of parliamentary functions by the executive, bought elections, the undefended condition of our coasts and frontiers, the tyranny of financial, military, and political oligarchies overriding the public will, palace cliques controlling the acts of the kings, a royal entourage of parasitic nobles ignorant of the aspirations and needs of the country, the exclusion of the people from the government, lack of protection for Spaniards abroad — these problems are just as urgent and unsolved to-day as they were a century ago.

Our government is in some respects, for instance, in regard to the arbitrary authority of the king, more backward now than ever before in its history. Our former absolute monarchs never exercised the unlimited powers which our constitutional monarchs wield. To-day, the king convokes and dissolves parliament without protest. He appoints and dismisses ministers. He promotes and demotes members of the cabinet, not in the public interest, but capriciously. To-day, the monarch has one hundred times more power than our kings possessed, before we had a modern constitution.

In fact, constitutional government in Spain is only a fiction. The real government, the cause of our backwardness, the cancer that corrodes the body politic and prevents Spain from being powerful and independent, is an oligarchical régime — a régime which keeps the nation in perpetual stupor.

Public opinion does not exist in Spain. Our political system is designed to stifle public opinion; or, if public opinion arises, to prevent its manifestation; or, if it manifests itself, to falsify it. The only effective powers in Spain to-day are a military oligarchy, composed just now of captains and lieutenants though formerly of generals; a financial oligarchy, which receives its daily nutriment from Paris, and a limited oligarchy of professional politicians, consisting of a few dozen families who dedicate themselves tradi-

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tionally to public affairs as their principal source of private income. So long as Spain continues its present course, its system of government may be defined as a military oligarchy resting upon a financial oligarchy and a patriciate of professional politicians, without the public possessing any representation whatever.

With a nation thus governed, can we expect economic, cultural, or political progress? In my opinion, it is absolutely impossible for Spain to advance, and to become in actual practice a self-governing nation, under these conditions. Unless we do strike out on the road of progress, we shall, eventually, be overwhelmed by other nations, which, though temporarily weakened, will to-morrow be stronger than ever. What has won the great wars of the past has not been military genius and army training so much as patriotism and public discipline. But Spain has no school of patriotism unless it be the army.

Our sole political art consists in controlling the country by exciting passion, by flattery, by corruption, and by intimidation. In order to govern Spain, it is not necessary to belong to a party, to reckon with public opinion, to have parliamentary backing; all that is required is to be a pliable instrument for dealing with temporary emergencies.

Since neither the voting public nor its representatives in Parliament possess enough political capacity or education to insist that the government pursue any particular policy, the only real government has its seat in the king's private council chamber.

So long as our country has no real political life, the king ought to be omniscient, clear-sighted, constantly surrounded by men eminent for their wisdom and patriotism, and disinterestedly intent upon dealing with every problem from the point of view of the nation's welfare. What are the actual sources for information upon which the king must depend to guide his decisions? I do not believe the king possesses any channel through which information concerning the needs of the country can reach him directly. His conferences are supposed to perform this function — those famous conferences where each statesman or would-be statesmen present gives the advice suggested to him by his political prejudices, his ambitions, and his private jealousies.

Inasmuch as the reigning cliques, which can grant or deny authority, act on the assumption that public men seek office for private ends (a quite justified assumption for the most part), the contempt which the present king and his palace advisors feel for all their breed is well grounded.

Under such a system, the only men who can ever hope to have a voice in the government are the servants of the ruling oligarchies, or men whom the oligarchies believe it would be dangerous to leave outside. Consequently, the oligarchical régime will inevitably lead to one of two results: to the destruction of the monarchy, whenever Spain chances to be blessed with a few thousand men immune to bribery, flattery, and intimidation; or to the continued paralysis of political, cultural, and economic life, in case the land does not produce men powerful and resolute enough to destroy that system.

Spain has a few dozen rich families, growing richer with every day that passes, and it has a countless number of poor people, who are becoming poorer with every day that passes, and whose only hope is emigration. Since the monarchy exists on the assumption that the people will tolerate, indefinitely, the present system, and that we shall be ruled and exploited indefi-

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nitely by oligarchies, we can only conclude that Spain is on the path to utter decadence.

Our financial oligarchy, which uses its monopoly of money, credit, and industrial control to keep its clutch upon the windpipe of the nation, dictates laws for the protection and aid of industry, but sees that this protection and aid benefit exclusively its own industrial monopolies. It dictates, every year or two, a law regulating secondary railways, with the design of preventing the construction of secondary railways and preserving its present transportation monopoly. Noting that through some oversight our water powers had been left unmonopolized, and that enterprising people were actually developing them, the same oligarchy hastened to enact a law to control the use of these water powers, not for the purpose of encouraging their development, but of preventing it, and for insuring that if such water powers ever were developed it would be only by members of the oligarchy, at such times, and in such a manner, as it desired.

The money oligarchy exacts for its banks the profits from financing all great undertakings, from fiscal monopolies, and from public loans; the military oligarchy seeks to keep control of the reality of power, to prevent anything being done without its consent; and the political oligarchy contents itself with the appearance of power, and with the sources of income of the second and third order which accompany this.

Thus Spain has made decadence almost a science. Its motto is: 'No change, no progress.'

Unless we amend our currency laws, our money will soon be worth less abroad than it was during the war with Cuba. Unless we immediately build nine thousand miles of railway, and reform our whole railway system, the congestion of traffic will speedily paralyze our entire industrial organism.

It is only too apparent that the Spanish Parliament is blind to the problems which affect most profoundly the nation's prosperity. It is incapable of imposing a policy on the cabinet and forcing the ministry to foster the development of the country. In Spain, there is a broad and deep gulf between those who work and those who legislate and govern. A great manufacturer who is not a member of the ruling oligarchy, an independent financier, a merchant, an artisan, a farmer, or a man engaged in any real process of production, has no way of making his influence felt in the government.

Politics travel one road; the nation's life travels another. Our political thought is cast in the forms designed by professional politicians; by lawyers whose knowledge of political affairs is confined to what they learn in court, and by journalists of shallow mind and superficial mental habits.

That section of the nation which is struggling, working, and producing wealth, must live constantly on the alert to defend itself against the government. Unhappy the branch of business which attracts the eyes of the men who rule!

Spain has a score or so of men who pass as great economists and financiers, but no one has taken the trouble to teach our public that when we erect enormous tariff walls around our country, at a time when we are incompetent to create industries of our own capable of competing with those of other countries in the world market, we are merely prolonging Spain's decadence.

With the rising cost of living, which is, itself, largely due to our excessive duties, unfair assessments, and unequal taxes, Spain is losing its people. We are faced by a dilemma. Either we

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must export goods, or we must export men to countries which know how to encourage business.

Our organized backwardness, fostered by our tariff, by our lack of industrial training, by the absence of credit at home and protection abroad, by the incapacity of our rulers and an inefficient government, dooms Spain to become a power of the third or fourth rank, at the very moment when it might, otherwise, place itself definitely in the vanguard of European nations.

The only indication of prosperity in Spain is a superficial one — our redundant currency; and that is going very fast. It is rapidly sinking to a parity with the paper money of our war-impoverished neighbors, and is already below that of some of them.

While our manufacturers are making goods only upon order, and not for the world market; while no Spanish factory owner is seizing the opportunity to reduce his costs of production; while laborers are emigrating by thousands; while we still lack industrial credit; while every form of business suffers from monopolies, Spain is becoming the China of the Occident.

How can we remedy this? I honestly believe that we have, at present, no means of mending our ways. There is no Spanish public to resist these tendencies. The forces hostile to betterment are vastly stronger than those which favor reform. Our salvation, if it is to come at all, must come from without. As things look to-day, I do not see in Spain any power capable of checking the ruin and decadence of our nation.

II

Although Spain, nominally, has a constitutional government, in reality, it possesses nothing of the kind. With a few rare exceptions, it has never had a constitutional cabinet. Its ministries have owed their existence to the king's will, to court cabals, or to army support. That is the condition to-day, in this twentieth century Europe, where crowns have been recently at a discount, and even Socialist republics have become familiar.

Of course, it is a fiction that parliaments in any country accurately express the will of the people; but in Spain, it is a more far-fetched fiction than elsewhere. Our parliament always has the political complexion which the cabinet in power, when the election takes place, wishes it to have. The ministry not only assures itself a majority of the representatives, but it provides that the remaining representation shall be allotted in proportions suiting its own convenience to the various groups in opposition.

Quite naturally, a Spanish parliament elected in this manner usually enjoys but a short life. Since the present constitution was adopted in 1876, we have had but one Cortes which lived out its full term of five years. Five parliamentary elections have occurred during the last ten years.

Our habitual disregard of the Constitution is shown also by the fact that Spanish cabinets, whether they be conservative or liberal, regularly violate the personal rights of individuals. Constitutional guaranties are frequently suspended. A Spanish government does not need to have serious reasons in order to deprive its citizens of their protection. A few strikes, or the slightest popular agitation is sufficient excuse. Although Spain was not a direct participant in the war, that conflict was regarded as justifying the suspension of our constitutional liberties. These were restored after the armistice for a very short period. Some two years later, they were again suspended, and remain so up to this day. The ex-

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cuse for this is the popular agitation caused by the rising cost of living, an agitation which manifests itself spontaneously in every part of the country and exhibits really dangerous symptoms in the larger cities.

Even when the Spanish constitution is nominally in force, public authorities and their agents frequently violate its provisions. One can readily imagine, therefore, how arbitrarily officials conduct themselves when constitutional guaranties are formally suspended. Acts of official violence and oppression then become a daily and almost hourly occurrence. Victims are seldom citizens of the well-to-do class, but almost invariably working-men.

After what I have said, no one will be surprised to learn that we have no true political parties in Spain. Their place is taken by oligarchical groups, whose sole purpose is to get possession of the public offices. Except the Republican Party, which is now rent asunder by personal rivalries, and the Socialist Party, which is not very numerous though constantly making new converts, the other political groups are mere fictions of parties.

The Conservatives are divided into three factions, led respectively by Dato, Maura, and Cierva. The latter two persecuted the working people savagely eleven years ago, when they protested against Spain's invading Morocco. That agitation had its climax in the execution of several party comrades, especially Professor Ferrer, who was falsely accused of being the leader of agitation against our Morocco adventure.

The Liberal Party is divided into four groups, led respectively by Count Romanones, Prieto, Alba, and Alvarez. The last group calls itself reformist, and has split off from the Republicans, under the pretext that it wishes to 'democratize' the monarchy.

At the bottom, however, there is no essential difference whatever between Conservatives and the Liberals. Neither Conservatives nor Liberals have the slightest respect for parliament or for civic rights. It is hardly necessary to say that when either party comes into power, it at once becomes the spokesman and defender of the great business monopolies which paralyze private enterprise in Spain.

While both Conservatives and Liberals profess to be monarchists, their loyalty to the monarchy is not a matter of principle. One should hear the way either the Liberals or the Conservatives talk, whenever the king puts them out of office. The most violent anti-monarchists could not be more abusive. Even when they are in power, they refer disparagingly to the king. For instance, one of our prime ministers, chancing to be in the royal waiting room, asked the ambassador of Portugal, who had just come out from an audience with the king, his impression of the monarch. The ambassador said: 'Excellent! Excellent, indeed!' 'Oh, pshaw!' replied the premier, 'but I could show him up to you!'

Let me add, that Alphonso returns the sentiments of these party leaders with interest. He is not much of an admirer of the constitution which he has sworn to defend, since he has had to bow so often to the unlawful demand of the officers and leaders of the army.

As an illustration of real conditions in Spain during the complications and difficulties of the war,— which demanded of us tactful and skilful leadership, — I need only cite that Alphonso solved the last political crisis by bestowing the government upon Dato, a man completely tied up with the official plutocracy. And the king did not do this in the usual way, by holding a Crown Council, but off-hand, while attending a festival in his honor

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on the estate of a Spanish multi-millionaire.

This unusual action by the king caused some surprise, but he was quite sure of his ground. His own sympathies are reactionary. He selects his cabinets with a view to his personal interests, rather than to those of the country. He feels that he has much in common with our very wealthy men, and he is bound to them not only by ties of friendship, but also by business connections.

So Spain is being governed just at present by men of ultra-reactionary sympathies, who are working hand in hand with the great capitalist interests. Their reactionary sentiment causes them to persecute organized labor and the Socialist Party. At Madrid, the labor daily, *El Socialista*, is strictly censored. The prisons are filled with the champions of the proletariat, and working-men, guilty of no crime whatever, have been deported under the most cruel circumstances. The premier has just directed the Bank of Spain to go to the assistance of the Bank of Catalonia, which was facing bankruptcy on account of unjustifiable speculations; and he has raised the duties on cotton and woolen fabrics, to enable manufacturers to sell their goods at as high prices as they did during the war. He is preparing to raise railway rates thirty-five per cent, which will add still further to the cost of living.

If any further evidence were necessary to show that Spain was being ruled in the interest of a narrow clique, the following facts would sufficiently tell the tale: more than half the people of Spain cannot read and write; two thirds of its area lies untilled; only nine thousand miles of railway are in operation, and not a mile has been built for several years; hundreds of villages have no public highway; although ship owners, mine owners, factory owners, and speculators have made fortunes aggregating between six and eight billion pesetas during the war, the government has not imposed a centavo of taxation on their profits, nor attempted to regulate the excessive prices which they charge. Gambling has spread like wildfire in the big cities, and, especially, is ruining our youth. We face fearful unemployment, due largely to avarice and chicanery in the business world. Our money, which was at a premium when the armistice was signed, is to-day at a heavy discount compared with American, English, and Swiss money. Emigration, which continued even during the war, has grown to unprecedented proportions from every section of the kingdom. The production of our farms and factories is not increasing, in spite of the use of improved machinery. Our Morocco campaign, which began eleven years ago, has cost us many millions every year, as well as an annual toll of human lives. Since 1910, army expenditures have risen from two hundred and sixteen million to four hundred and sixteen million pesetas, exclusive of the cost of the Morocco expedition; and our present budget shows a prospective deficit of a billion pesetas.

[*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin Semi-Official Conservative Daily), *January 27*]

MEMORIES OF WAGNER

BY MRS. ALEXANDER SEROFF

[The writer is the widow of a well-known Russian composer.]

We are at Lucerne. Our skiff glides over the lake's green waters, which are smooth as a mirror. A young Swiss rows us, standing erect and favoring us *en route* with fanciful legends regarding the tenant of Villa Tribschen. He is quite unaware that the mysterious personage he is describing is a

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personal friend of his fares; and that the latter are impatiently waiting for him to reach the little landing in front of the 'Bavarian refugee's' retreat.

Our imaginative informant ran on: 'He keeps savage dogs to guard the place from approach by land, and the precipices on the water's edge make it impossible to reach him from the lake.'

'I insist on landing!' said Seroff.

'Impossible! Strangers, and, particularly, foreigners, are not admitted,' objected the Swiss.

'Take us to his landing!' commanded Seroff.

'You will see that I am right. They will not let you in the Villa.'

We could see a little bay in the distance. Seroff landed, but came back a moment later saying that Wagner worked in the forenoon and received no one. He had sent a servant to ask us to dine with him *en famille* next day.

So, the following morning we again approached the inhospitable cliffs, this time with more assurance. We landed. Wagner's old, gray valet introduced Seroff to the Master. I went to chat with Frau Cosima; and a serving maid took our son to the children. Shortly after that, dinner was announced. The table, evidently prepared for special guests, was in a dining room adjoining a long, narrow apartment, hung with large paintings representing the heroes of Wagner's operas. Wagner, himself, was in excellent humor. He ordered old Johann to bring on Rhine wine of a specially ancient vintage.

'Some of the very oldest, do you hear? — He is a frightfully stingy old chap in such matters,' said Wagner, turning to us. 'Nothing in the world will induce him to serve the best wine to my guests.'

Johann replied, somewhat abashed, that not all his guests were worth good wine.

'Now, my old Johann, we understand each other, so hurry up with some that has real sparkle and fire in it.'

After dinner, we took a walk. Our little boy rode one of Wagner's immense dogs, and Isolde and Eva ran after him with their dolls. Little Siegfried, still in the arms of his Swiss nurse, chirped and gurgled with joy.

We wound up at a garden house. Wagner suddenly became confidential, and spoke to us of his private troubles.

A few days later, Frau Cosima returned our visit, and asked us to call on them again, in order to meet some French people who had just arrived from Paris. They were a party of three, two men who were Wagner enthusiasts, and a very beautiful French lady who was his equally devoted admirer. One of the gentlemen, who was in fact a real Wagner enthusiast, as his articles indicated, was almost offensively demonstrative in exhibiting his feelings. Even Wagner, himself, seemed embarrassed. He tried to act naturally, but could not conceal that it required an effort. The voluble enthusiasm of the beautiful French lady and the adoration of the Paris critic clearly got on his nerves.

The French guests begged Wagner to play something. He did so, obviously for the purpose of keeping them quiet. He selected the Lohengrin Wedding March. In the very middle of the piece, he was seized with a sudden aversion for it, and growled: 'The devil take what comes next,' struck two or three violent chords on the piano, and left the instrument.

After that little outbreak, Wagner recovered his natural ease: so we did not permit ourselves to be disturbed further by the exaggerated adulation of the Frenchman. As we were leaving, Seroff said he would like to meet

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Wagner again, when there were no strangers present, as he had many things to talk over with him. The next day we received the following note:

'Come to-morrow, and we will be alone, and as meek and humble as God, himself, could wish.'

We went over in the best spirits imaginable. Wagner received us with some good-natured jokes about our appearance. Indeed, we had not dressed up much for the occasion. Frau Cosima told us, with a radiant face, of the surprise she had prepared for Richard on his birthday. Wagner had just drafted the famous scene of Siegfried with the silver horn. She had secretly copied the solo for this instrument from the opera score and sent it to the young musician Richter, at Munich. The latter reached Lucerne early the birthday-morning, stationed himself beneath the window where Wagner slept, and awoke the Master with his horn solo. Wagner could scarcely tell whether he was listening to his own music, which had hardly taken final form in his thought, or was dreaming about it.

During that unforgettable evening, he played for us the scene of the apparition of Erda, which he had just completed. He played very poorly, struck occasional false chords, and declaimed in a shrill voice. It was evident that he could not quite master the complicated piano accompaniment. Nevertheless, his lifelike, nervous presentation gave the act a power which I have never felt when I heard it on the stage. In spite of its defects, the author's interpretation was stamped for all time on our memory. Wagner stressed, with a touch of genius, every emphatic point, which is so often lost in its characterless interpretation by the feminine voice.

Wagner once permitted us to witness a rehearsal of *Rheingold*, which was held in his presence at Tribschen. The whole company came up from Munich, and we were present at a magnificent rendition of the work under the direction of the composer. It is often said that Wagner was rough, rude, and impatient toward the artists during rehearsals. That may be. This was not a theatre rehearsal, but in his own home. He was gallant and courteous, and seldom lost his composure. To be sure, he would draw in his lips nervously at each failure, and we can well understand that during an ordinary rehearsal, he might shout at the singers. On this occasion, however, he waited until singers were gone, then sinking down on a sofa, he thundered:

'God Almighty! How can there be such brainless creatures!'

When he expressed himself in this manner, his glasses would generally fall off his nose, which only accentuated his anger. Thereupon, Frau Cosima would suddenly have some humorous incident to relate. With real feminine tact, she would insinuate her story into the scene so that the raging master would, eventually, roar with laughter. However, he thought that consistency still demanded a more moderate return to the subject, and continued to grumble reminiscently at intervals:

'But why should there be so many blockheads in the world?'

On one occasion, a waiter rushed into our room at the hotel, fairly beside himself with excitement, and announced:

'The lady and gentleman from Villa Tribschen.'

Frau Cosima came up the steps in a perfectly stunning street toilet, leaning on Wagner's arm. He wore a wide gray overcoat, which hung about his slender form like a sack. A great

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broad-brim, black hat *à la Wotan*, tipped slightly to one side, lent his face an expression of jovial German solidity and honesty; and his whole appearance stood out in striking contrast with the elegant, slender refinement of Frau Cosima. We took our guests out on the balcony. Seroff was not well and was melancholy. Wagner treated him like a younger brother, and talked to him kindly, almost caressingly. During our conversation, quite a crowd gathered beneath the balcony to get a glimpse of the famous composer. Wagner remarked to us, laughing mischievously: 'I believe they want to peek into the innermost recesses of our souls; for they must, already, know all there is to know about our external appearance.'

Wagner and Frau Cosima soon took their leave, and we accompanied them to the boat landing. On our way, Wagner turned to me saying: 'Why are you so sad? Are you worried over your husband's illness?'

I was in fact very much depressed; for Seroff's illness had taken a threatening turn during the last few days. He had confided in me his fear lest he might not be able to finish an opera he had begun shortly before. It was only seldom that he had these periods of depression. Wagner's visit occurred on one of those unhappy days. Seroff was so obviously suffering that Wagner was disturbed. He exerted himself to manifest his warm sympathy and tender concern. They walked through the town arm in arm. The numerous strangers whom we met stepped respectfully aside, to make way for the famous man. Frau Cosima seized my hand with her trembling hand, and begged me to go faster. She feared some unpleasant meeting or incident.

Finally, came our parting call. Wagner was in a particularly tender mood. He told us of his own illness, and that he had nearly died in Vienna. He presented Seroff, on parting, with the whole *Ring* and with a picture of himself in a student's cap with the inscription: *Also Tribschen*. He kissed him like a brother and said sadly: 'Now the pleasant Tribschen days are over.'

We were touched to tears. On the ride back, the lake seemed gloomy and the landscape somber. It was, really, as though we had lost a parent. This was our last meeting with Wagner.

[*Kölnische Zeitung* (Conservative Daily British Occupied Territory), *December 7, 10*]

AMONG THE INTERNED BOLSHEVIKI

I HAVE just completed a tour of the camps where the Russian Bolsheviki, who crossed our border after the defeat of the Red armies before Warsaw, have been interned. The trip has been more instructive in some respects than a visit to Moscow or Petrograd. I would see more evidences of a ruined civilization in those cities, but I might learn less of the Russians as a people. The appearance of Moscow and Petrograd to-day would indicate that Bolshevism was at the end of its rope; but that has been often prophesied before, only to be promptly disproved by some brilliant military victory. Moscow, to-day, rules all the ancient empire of the Tsar, except a little strip of border country. Were we to believe the terrifying descriptions of conditions within those territories, the people would be incapable of successful military efforts. So, we cannot study Russian profitably in its cities, but only in its people. And we have, in our internment camps, a remarkable collection of representatives of the nation from

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every nook and corner of the former empire.

I knew the Russian people intimately, in bygone days, and knew their country. During the war, I was in constant contact with them, both on the front, and in several prison camps. I spent many months in Russia subsequent to the Bolshevist revolution, both along the Volga and in Moscow. I have been imprisoned both by Red guardists and White guardists, and have been threatened with death by both. But I knew nothing of the Red army as it is today, since writing new chapters of history with fire and sword. My first experience with this army has been in our internment camps. Its members impress me like old acquaintances, sobered by some great personal tragedy since I last saw them. I find the same familiar features, but they wear a new expression, which I cannot describe offhand. A look of harshness, of mature seriousness, has replaced the old, careless, child-like merriment. When I first became aware of this change, I asked myself whether these Red army soldiers had actually acquired a new mentality — something of that self-respecting dignity which we ascribe to the citizens of ancient Rome. For a moment, I was deceived into this belief. On closer intercourse, however, I interpreted this new attitude as one, rather, of timidity and distrust; not, indeed, toward myself, who spoke their language fluently, but toward the commissars. That term 'commissar' is so important in this connection that I must describe more fully what it means.

The Red army is organized as follows: three platoons form a company, three companies a battalion, three battalions a regiment, three regiments a brigade, three brigades a division, three divisions an army. Each of these different units is commanded by an officer, at whose side there is a commissar who must approve every command which the officer gives. This system is continued in the internment camps. At the head of the whole camp is a so-called garrison commander, and with him a garrison commissar. No one wears insignia of office. Up to the present, I have not recognized a single officer of the former imperial army. Every commissar and every officer with whom I have conversed has been a convinced Bolshevik. All of them seem to be simple people. I detected in them no evidence of particular ability to justify the rank they held. While one hears that the leaders at Moscow are very able men, I received no such impression of these camp leaders. They are decidedly mediocre. My thoughts turn back to our old German army. When the recruits used to come in, in the autumn, you could tell within four weeks, with reasonable certainty, the men who would be promoted to corporals the first year. There were, let us say, 8 per cent or 10 per cent of the recruits who were alert and intelligent men, who immediately towered over their fellows. Apparently, it is men of this class who have raised themselves a trifle above the stupid mass of the Russian nation, left leaderless by the revolution, to the rank of officers and commissars. Their lack of technical training has been made good, so far as possible, by special school courses, but the result of this forced teaching has been very small indeed. Commanders and commissars must be able to read and write, must understand at least the elements of military tactics, and know the rudiments of the constitution and the administrative machinery of the soviet republic. It is doubtful whether they are invariably required, before receiving appoint-

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ments, to be convinced Communists. But, the moment they are appointed, they become automatically members of the Communist Party, and thus of the ruling class. From that moment, they are true blue Communists. Just as, in the old days, an imperial cornet became a devoted champion of the Kaiser the instant he took his oath of service, so these young lads become loyal adherents of Lenin's government from the day the get a five-pointed red star. They leave thinking to their great leaders, who feed them catchy ideas, popular slogans, and cut and dried articles of faith, which they simply swallow whole.

How many Communists are there? I have received various replies to this question, both in Russia and in the camps I have just visited. The most probable figure is 600,000, and this is borne out by the proportion of Communists among the interned soldiers. If this figure is correct, it means that about eight people out of every thousand in Russia proper are Bolsheviki; in the internment camps the proportion may rise to sixteen per thousand. This little minority constitutes a ruling class. The rest of the people obey it as docilely and unprotestingly, as they formerly obeyed the Tsar and his bureaucracy. However, this Communist upper stratum is much thinner than the former upper class of civil servants, army men, and middle class citizens. The new rulers make up for this by being more resourceful, and tremendously in earnest. A few commissars are more completely masters of the men in these internment camps to-day, than generals and staff officers would have been in former times. And they are right on the job. I had hardly entered the first camp and exchanged a few words with a soldier, before the Garrison Commissar was at my side. After that, I could scarcely get a word out of the soldier, but had to receive all my information from the commissars. It is very tiresome business talking with these men. You can get as much by reading one of Lenin's or Radek's pamphlets. They are party fanatics, who have only a pitying shrug of the shoulders for people who believe otherwise than they do. We discussed Sinovieff's appearance at the Independent Socialist Congress in Halle. The Russians were indignant, because the German authorities betrayed their promise and expelled the Bolsheviki. No apologies were accepted. You might talk with the persuasion of angels, but your words fell upon deaf ears; 'Sinovieff declaimed for four hours at Halle, urging the overthrow of the present German government. Would you have permitted a foreign monarchist to advocate monarchy at Moscow?' The commissar growls: 'He would not get away with four minutes of that kind of talk.'— 'Then where is your free speech?'— 'You are supposed to have democratic institutions in Germany, but we have a dictatorship of the Proletariat. Not over the Proletariat, as you think. But everyone cannot be a governor. You say that 600,000 Communists rule Russia. That is true. But these 600,000 are Proletarians. We mean by that, not necessarily manual workers, but men who earn their living by their own labor and industry.' You can go on in this fashion for hours. I asked one of the commissars, how they kept control of their soldiers in the internment camps, whether by courses of instruction. 'No, we can't do that here because we have no facilities, and we are not ourselves qualified, in many respects, to conduct courses. But we are in constant contact with our people. We eat and work with them. We sleep in the same dormitories with them;

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sometimes in one, sometimes in another.'

I find this is literally true. The commissars live in constant physical and mental contact with the common people. They pre-occupy the heads and hearts of the masses with their own thoughts and sentiments. Their followers have no will of their own. They are like a well-broken horse. The only will is that of the driver, who decides what road to travel.

In our old prison camps, during the war, officers and men were separated; but in the camps of the Bolsheviki, they are kept together. The idea of separating the Red leaders from their soldiers is absurd. You might as well separate mothers from their infant children. These leaders are flesh of the flesh, and blood of the blood, of the people under them. I tried to discover whether the rank and file were conscious of their utter dependence on these leaders. To do that, it was necessary to study the common soldiers by themselves.

We have before us the familiar brown and khaki mob. They loiter around, dally over necessary camp duties, unload coal and turf, but keep in doors as much as possible because they are always shivering. The barracks are well heated, considering our own fuel shortage. According to German standards, they are comfortably warm — indeed in many instances much too warm. Nevertheless, the Russians complain of the cold and crowd stolidly around the stoves. Since they take no exercise, they shiver even in their overcoats and caps, which they never take off, and they insist on a temperature of about seventy degrees Fahrenheit. If you say to them: 'What are you sitting here for? Why don't you go out and get some exercise? Play games — foot ball or something — and you will get warm,' they reply with a superior smile that that is artificial warmth and cannot help them. They prefer to hibernate like flies in the winter, and the Young Men's Christian Association gets little response to its efforts to interest them in outdoor sports. What they want is tobacco, a hot stove, hot coffee three or four times a day, and two warm meals. Then, they are perfectly satisfied. However, since this five-note chord of felicity — tobacco, stove, coffee, meals, and nothing to do — is constantly being disturbed by some disharmony, the latter becomes the staple topic of conversation. The men will spend hours discussing the most trifling petty grievance.

This embraces the whole circle of their thoughts. For centuries, they have been accustomed to be led by a firm hand, and were they left without leaders they would be helpless and hopeless. They do not care much who is their master, so long as he is firm and decisive. If he possess these qualities, he can lead them where he will. They do not love their masters They are too apathetic either to love or to hate. Neither are they loyal They merely accept, unresistingly, the leader at hand.

Conversing with these men in the camp, I found them ready to talk frankly on any subject, except that they were always careful to say nothing against their masters. I could not discover whether this was due to conviction or to fear. As a rule, they express themselves as very grateful for the care and attention they have received in Germany. Their military disaster before Warsaw is, apparently an insoluble riddle to them. Neither the commissars nor the ordinary soldiers have any explanation for it 'It was inexplicable. We were advancing in splendid shape. Our food and supply service was perfect. Then all at once, we were retreating, re

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treating, retreating without stopping. No one knows how it happened.'

They seemed to be divided in their opinion as to continuing the war against Poland. A majority want peace as soon as possible, so they can go home; but there are a great many who are jubilant at the idea of getting another chance at the Poles and retrieving last summer's disaster, even though it means they may have to stay in Germany longer. We also discussed Wrangel's defeat. They knew little about it and exhibited but slight interest in it. This was true even of the commissars. You discovered that they were not personally familiar with this phase of the war, and had not been instructed regarding the points at issue. Many did not know that there had been any fighting in Crimea. But they were tremendously interested in the thought that the Red army could now be diverted from the Black Sea against Poland. This was particularly true of the cavalry soldiers. They would crowd around with eager interest as soon as that was discussed. Close to me, in one of these groups, was a little blond regiment commander. He had heard that eight army trains were being moved daily from Crimea to the Polish front. A clear young voice from the rear shouted, joyfully: 'That is Budyonny!' And a sturdy little fellow elbowed his way vigorously through the crowd, shoved the regiment commander to one side, and asked breathlessly: 'Is that true? Eight military trains a day?' I assured him that I had read this statement, and asked whether he knew Budyonny. 'I served under Budyonny.' Two others made the same statement, one a Ukrainian, and the other a Don Cossack. 'He started as a sergeant. Now he commands an army. He is the fellow who whipped Wrangel. He does things!'

I may have been more impressed by this exhibition of *esprit de corps*, because it was an exception. I found none of that spirit among most of the soldiers. They manifested stupid resignation, and stolid lack of interest, or sometimes melancholy bitterness, and even absolute despair. In one of the hospitals, a party of convalescents spoke very frankly of their unhappy condition. They were all sitting up, and their feeling was hardly due to illness; but they could talk openly because no commissar was around. One said: 'Do you know how long I have been a soldier? Ten years! I was drafted in 1910 and served three years and eight months at Petrograd in the Guards.' (I have forgotten the name of the regiment but the man rolled it out with all its imperial and honorary titles, in a most impressive way.) 'Then, I was in the manœuvres before the war. In 1918, I got home at last, and married. Before the year was out, I was mobilized again to fight, first the Czecho-Slovaks, then Denikin, and last of all, Poland. Now, I am here, and don't know whether I shall ever get home. What has become of my parents and my wife? I do not know. There are no mails to Russia. The only one of us here who has got a letter is a Lett, and it came from Lettland. I am now thirty-two years old. The best part of my life is behind me; and all I have got out of it is war, hunger, sickness, and hardships!' The others began in the same tone, and all related similar experiences. But one could discover among them no hostility to the Bolshevist government. They did, indeed, curse the civil war, but they did not consider Lenin and his colleagues responsible for that. I can well believe that if the former Petersburg grenadier gets home, thirty-five years old, and is again summoned to arms by Trotzky or some other

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leader, he will go. But he will do it with such bitter hatred in his heart that the country is to be pitied which comes in conflict with an army of such soldiers. The Russian people want peace. Whoever attacks them, they will handle without mercy.

Reports are current that the anti-Bolshevist elements in the camps are often handled roughly by the Red majority. As an example, the following incident is related. Immediately after a Red division crossed into German territory, on August 23, a detachment of several hundred men declared that it no longer considered itself part of the Red army. At its request, it was allotted separate quarters, but inside a larger camp. At first, the Reds limited themselves to propaganda among the so-called Whites. When that accomplished nothing, the Russian camp authorities, who had control of the kitchen, and the distribution of supplies, brought more direct pressure to bear, depriving the Whites of their monthly allowance of ten marks for extras and of other privileges. Finally, the leaders of the detachment were removed from the camp and transferred to another camp, where all the soldiers were Red. That camp was under the charge of a fanatical Bolshevist. Some of the rank and file left behind then went over to the Reds, amidst a general celebration on the part of the Bolsheviki. The remainder were bombarded with proclamations, urging them to return to the Bolshevist faith. A few more came over. But the older and steadier members of the detachment, mostly Cossacks from the southern border district, declared they would not do so, even though it cost their lives.

When the Bolshevist leaders, Sinovieff and Losovsky, left Germany after the Halle Congress, they addressed an open letter from the steamer to the Red soldiers interned in Germany, calling upon them to compare conditions in capitalist Western Europe with those in impoverished but liberated proletarian Russia. It would be interesting to know how that comparison does impress our involuntary guests. But up to the present, the Russians have not begun to make comparisons, partly because the letter has never reached them. Only a few of the commissars knew of its existence, and they, obviously, considered it advisable not to circulate it. Is it because they fear that the clear-eyed Russians will not be impressed, as was intended by such a comparison? The letter says: 'In the streets, the shops, the theatres, the cafés, you will see unprecedented luxury. You will observe business places bursting with expensive merchandise and a superfluity of rich provisions. You will perceive the relatively better condition of production, of street railways, and railways. Factories and shops will be running.' Then he adds, 'If soviet Russia is beggared, if our railways are dilapidated, if we have little merchandise, if hunger and famine stalk through our cities, nevertheless it is our Russia, a Russia which belongs to the workers and peasants.' It is certain that some of the commissars have read the letter, but the soldiers know nothing of it. Furthermore, these people, unfortunately, have been given no opportunity to see real German cities. They were taken to their camp, mostly by night journeys, and by an out of the way route. I did meet one young chap who had had the luck to visit a real city, and its magnificence and order had impressed him deeply. With a radiant face, he told me how a smiling young woman had presented him with a piece of white bread, and he asked me whether Berlin was like that. When I inquired

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what city it was, he answered: 'Ortelsburg.'

Are we not perhaps being misled by the tremendous noise from that children's nursery in Eastern Europe, so as to take it much too seriously?

[*La Vanguardia* (Barcelona Clerical and Financial Daily), *January 4*]

A MOORISH DINNER

BY M. FENECH MUÑOS

THE muezzins have already called the faithful to midday prayers. Though the sun is at the zenith, it scarcely penetrates the narrow streets of the Moorish quarter of Tetuan. Wherever the white-washed walls of the houses reflect its beams, they stand out in dazzling contrast with the dark passages that join, at frequent intervals, houses on opposite sides of the street. Countless fountains play with a lulling murmur; but interrupt our enjoyment of the magic and the poetry of our surroundings by forming frequent pools along the way, which keep the pedestrian constantly on the alert, lest he receive an involuntary splashing.

As we penetrate deeper into the quarter, people become fewer. The streets all look alike. Windows are few and small. Some houses have great heavy doors; the abundance and artistic design of the copper nails which stud them indicating the wealth of their owners. Occasionally, we pass a group of native women. Their full white robes and veils permit one only to get a glimpse of their large black eyes, and heavily darkened brows. Even very old women and half-grown girls are careful to keep their features concealed. Now and then, however, some little tot will hasten by, her carelessly held cloak revealing the bright robes of green, purple, or mulberry silk beneath. Slave women pass, with their black features in full view. All walk with a stately and almost majestic pose, and wear the classic Moorish sandals, many of which are beautifully decorated. Some wear stockings, others a kind of white puttee, while still others use the sandals alone. Hooded Moors are constantly passing. Some have capes of yellow wool, others of a darker color. A very few wear white hooded cloaks, which they hold up carefully from the ground. They also carry, rolled under their arms, a felt carpet, which serves them as a seat, and also as a prayer rug when the muezzins call them to devotion.

After turning countless corners and bends, we reach the house of our host. He goes in first, 'to see if everything is ready,' but, in reality, to announce our coming, in order that the ladies of the family may retire from sight. The entrance of all Moorish houses is so designed as to enable the female members of the family to disappear as if by magic, when a visitor is announced. A little balcony connects with a passage at right angles to the one leading to the patio. In the balcony is a decorated divan adorned with mosaics, which are continued up the wall, as if to form a back. The patio is square, surrounded by a line of graceful arches supported by extremely light columns, terminating in airy capitals. The pavement is of bright colored mosaics. In the centre is the inevitable fountain, which supplies water for the house. With total disregard for the laws of hygiene, the overflow passes from here to the fountain in the next house, and so on to other houses in succession. Four rooms open upon the ground floor of the patio. We enter by a beautiful door, carved and colored with exquisite taste. A dignified stairway leads to a second story, which has a gallery running around the patio, with arches corresponding to those of the

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lower floor, and another series of elaborately decorated doors.

We enter one of the rooms on the second floor, which is to serve as a dining room, and seat ourselves on cushions which are arranged entirely around the apartment and seem to invite repose. The master of the house and his son leave their sandals at the door, and seating themselves with their legs crossed, after the fashion of the country, play absent mindedly with their toes.

We have hardly seated ourselves when two slaves appear, carrying, on nickel servers, four or five silver perfumers of generous capacity and graceful design, from which they sprinkle our heads and garments with fragrant orange water, the favorite scent of the Moors. As if this douching were not enough, the attendants blow into the bottles in such a way as to bedew us again with the contents, laughing heartily at our grimaces and efforts to avoid the shower. Meantime, one of the slave women has brought in a two-handled censer with burning amber, adding its aromatic odor to the heavy scent of orange blossoms which by this time pervades the room.

Recovering our composure after this novel reception, we gaze around with interest at our Moorish quarters. They are furnished in excellent taste, with but few articles of European manufacture to destroy the harmonious impression they produce.

In the centre of the long room is a magnificent Rabat rug of hand-woven wool. Its bright colors, combined with great taste, form geometrical designs. Around it are arranged double cushions with embroidered edges, covered with rugs of Oriental pattern, and on top of these lie a number of damask silk pillows, likewise embroidered. Over the cushions and running clear around the room, is the indispensable *jaiti*, a kind of dado of cloth, figured with arches and stars and combining tastily the most striking colors.

Venetian mirrors, and others of less excellent quality, framed in gilt mouldings, wall clocks — for the most part not running, and if going, not keeping the same time — painted and gilded wardrobes, cases filled with silver and porcelain odds and ends, muskets, a monumental canopied European bed with three or four mattresses and half-fitted with embroidered silk curtains, complete the furnishing of the room where we are to dine.

The slaves next bring in several *taifor*, or little low tables, upon which they set plates, servers of bread, jugs of water, and glasses. After this, slave women bring a beautiful pitcher and a basin for us to wash our hands.

After this formality, *cuscus* — a kind of steamed flour dumpling, stuffed with meat — is served, followed by boiled fowl in a greasy and very peppery gravy; veal fricaseed with mint; apples; and hard-boiled eggs. We have to eat all this with our fingers; for though we have plates, we have no knives and forks. That is not the worst of it. Our host, as a matter of politeness, serves us with his own hands, the same hands with which he has but recently been toying with his toes. We have to summon all our resolution and to eat by an effort of will, for to show a delicate appetite is an unforgivable breach of courtesy among these people. After the veal, we have a sloppy mixture of honey and butter, and our punishment ends with a course of fruits which we are able to eat with confidence, especially the oranges, which have peelings that we know how to handle.

After the meal, slave girls come in with hot water for us to wash our hands, which to tell the truth need that attention badly. After the remnants

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of the meal have been removed, they come back with beautifully engraved bronze servers, upon which are little cups of the finest porcelain, and a silver teapot. Tea is *de rigueur* in a Moorish house, and it is the custom for the host to prepare it, personally. Therefore, a *babor* for boiling the water is brought. This apparatus is of white metal. When the water boils, he pours it into the teapot, having first rinsed the latter with boiling water. He then puts in the tea, together with a mixture of loaf sugar and mint. Tea prepared in this manner is very sweet and aromatic, and must be drunk quite hot; since, the moment it cools, it becomes an abominable syrup. We take five or six cups as a matter of courtesy, and then speedily bid our amiable host adieu. Prudence bids us to take a brisk walk of several miles, that we may ward off an indigestion, threatened by the bizarre combination of unfamiliar food, which the relentless laws of courtesy have forced us, not only to eat, but to eat in unaccustomed quantities.

[*Manchester Guardian* (Liberal Daily), *February 4*]

ITALY: A LIBERAL POWER

BY G. M. TREVELYAN

ITALY has been the first of the Great Powers to return to sanity after the fever of the spirit that war renders inevitable. She has been the first to see her own position in relation to her neighbors without the delusions and the hugging self-love which usually accompany nationalist enthusiasm. She has been the first to make sacrifices as the price of future peace, and to perceive that extent of empire is not the same as security or power.

The Treaty of Rapallo, involving the abandonment by Italy of that portion of Dalmatia which was ascribed to her, under the signatures of France and England, in 1915, and which her troops have been administering since November, 1918, is the first case, since the Armistice, of the relinquishment of a cherished ambition by one of the great victor Powers. It is a moral fact of the same calibre as the British settlement of South Africa, in 1906.

Italy, though one of the great victor Powers, has consented to treat on friendly and equal terms with those Yugoslav races who composed a large part of the Austro-Hungarian forces on the Italian front. We English, who had most to do during the war with the heroic and martyred Serbs, have never sufficiently borne in mind that their cousins, the Croats, were our enemies, and Italy's. The fact that, after the Armistice, they were merged in one State with Serbia, could not obliterate in Italian eyes the part they had played in the war, though it did so in the eyes of many English, French, and Americans. The Croats had been not merely nominal and conscripted enemies, like the Czecho-Slovaks. They had fought against Italy with hearty good will, hoping for Trialism if Austria won. Only when Austria had lost, did they troop off home to raise the flag of Yugoslav independence, and cheer for Wilson.

I do not blame them; I dare say, if I had been a Croat, I should have done the same. But I am sure that if I had been an Italian, it would have cost me an unusual effort in November, 1918, to take to my bosom the men who had just laid down their rifles after shooting at me and mine for three and a half years. Now, however, the Italian spirit has adjusted itself to the new situation, has consented to overlook the whole past,— a past that goes back to 1848,— and to seek peace with the Croats through justice, and friendship

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through trade and the mutual interests of good neighborhood.

Each side retains hostages in its territory, in the shape of the inevitable minority, which no drawing of the frontier could avoid. Nothing but friendly relations between Italy and Yugoslavia can secure the good treatment of these minorities, or revive the trade of the Adriatic. But it has cost Italy a pang to consent, after victory, to leave the devoted and enthusiastic Italians of the Dalmatian coast towns (other than Zara) in foreign territory, under a Slav and Balkan civilization. As to the arguments of Italian naval men against the Treaty of Rapallo, they need no explanation to Englishmen, whose sensitiveness about naval bases belonging to foreign powers has been doubled by submarines.

Italy has given up much. On the other hand, a considerable number of Yugoslavs have been placed under Italian rule, in order to give Italy the watershed frontier which alone can render Trieste and Italy, herself, safe from invasion. The Treaty of Rapallo is not more than just to Yugoslavia. But where else shall we find so much justice applied by the victors in adjudicating the frontiers of races conquered in the late war? Certainly not, say the Italians, in the cases of Bulgaria, Turkey, and Hungary; there, every doubtful question has been ruled against the conquered enemy, even where the victors are dealing on behalf of so slippery a customer as Greece. The Italians have, all along, said that Vénizélos had not got the country behind him, and that Greece was a sandy foundation on which to build a policy for the Levant. This view was not, after all, the mere blindness of jealousy.

Italy is the first great power to reestablish, after the war, a claim to the title of 'good European.' The policy of common sense in dealing with Germany and Russia which our Premier fitfully pursues, in spite of much French, and some English, resistance, is a policy consistently followed by Italians of all classes and parties.

The fall of Germany, and the disappearance of Austria have removed the danger of Italy becoming vassal to the Teuton; that threat to her civilization, against which she took up arms in May, 1915, is now no more. But England has failed, or rather has not seriously attempted, to replace Germany as Italy's customer and banker. The Italians do not like the Germans, and have shown once for all that they will never submit to them. But they know that they have to live in the same world with them, and resume relations on equal terms.

As to Russia, the Italian Ministerial policy and the Italian labor policy have neither of them diverged from the common-sense view that Bolshevism is bad, but that it is folly to try to put it down, in Russia, by foreign arms and foreign intrigues. The recent visits of Italian laborists to Russia, where their anti-militarist sentiments were outraged by great military parades in their honor, and the recent voting in the Italian Socialist Party have shown the failure of Bolshevist propaganda, about which no one who knew Italy ever had any doubt.

Italian politics often take the form of a street row, an attack on the *municipio* to haul up or down the red flag or the national tricolor. Ever since the great days of the mediæval cities, 'the politics of the piazza,' that is to say, more or less violent street demonstrations, have been a traditional institution, congenial to the southern temperament. It is native custom, and will always have a place alongside of the parliamentary and electoral institutions imported in modern times from beyond the Alps. Foreigners are de-

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ceived who think, when they read of such rows as lately took place in Bologna between Socialists and *fascisti*, that Italy is on the verge of revolution, or in a state of double terrorism like Ireland. On the contrary, Italy is probably farther on the road to solving the terrible social problems of the day than any other great country. Both in urban and in agrarian questions, the possessing classes already begin to envisage the necessary lines of democratic evolution in the management of industry, and the workmen and peasants reject the delusions of Bolshevism. It is only the beginning of a long story, but the beginning is quite as hopeful in Italy as anywhere else. In these matters, as in foreign policy, Signor Giolitti has shown imagination and moral courage curiously lacking in most countries to-day.

Another element of stability is an informal, but real, improvement in the relations of Church and State. The result of the war has dispelled the last likelihood of a revision of the Roman question in favor of the Pope. The Catholics are, increasingly, taking their place as citizens of the new Italy. The *partito popolare* is the sign and symbol of this change, none the less so because the *partito* has a double aspect, of agrarian socialism in some places and anti-socialism in others.

The most serious part of the prospect for Italy to-day lies not in foreign affairs or in class strife, but in her economic condition. The exchange, at over one hundred lire to the pound, the want of coal and our failure to supply it except at prohibitive prices are very serious facts. The Italians think that we have exploited our temporary monopoly of coal to sell it artificially cheap to our own people, while re-couping ourselves by selling it abroad at the highest possible price that we could screw out of our Ally, who had no coal of her own and has ruined herself in the common cause. The charge is true in substance, however much opinions may differ as to whether any other country would have acted differently in the circumstances, and as to the degree of turpitude to be ascribed to such purely self-regarding action. The blame, whatever it may be, must be shared between the British government and the British people, for our government, certainly, did it in order to prevent upheaval at home; labor has not helped the government to supply coal at reasonable prices to aid the recovery either of Italy, in particular, or of Europe in general. Meanwhile, the Italians are preparing to help themselves. Their mechanical genius and their 'white coal,' as they call the force latent in the Alpine streams, will soon electrify their whole railway system.

Italians, like other people, think that we have seized on the most valuable German colonies and Turkish provinces; that we have demanded a large share of the German indemnity, though we were much richer than our Allies and far less impoverished by the war; that we have refused self-determination to Ireland while clamoring about it in Dalmatia. I do not propose to discuss how far these charges are true, how far mistaken. But it would be idle for us to ignore the fact that that is how we appear, just now, to many of our friends in Europe. Many of them fear that we are ceasing to be a Liberal and becoming an Imperialist Power, and our enemies are sedulously fostering that notion. We are in danger of finding ourselves in Germany's old place in the judgment of the world. That the judgment would be unjust does not render the danger nugatory.

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A NOTE ON 'THE JUNGLE BOOK'

For the benefit of all who enjoy Mr. Kipling's *Jungle Books,* I am reprinting an extraordinary tale which has recently appeared in the London *Morning Post.* Much attention has been paid to it all over Europe, and in both French and British newspapers.

A very interesting case of a leopard child is now reported from the North Cachar Hills, on India's northeastern frontier, by Mr. Stuart Baker, F.Z.S. At the village of Dhungi, Mr. Baker was confronted in the court house with protests from a certain native against the proposal that he should furnish his share of the forced labor for road mending, and so forth, which in many of the less developed tracts in India takes the place of direct taxation. The man's contention was that his wife had recently died, and that if he left his village to work on the roads, his little wild son would run back to the jungle. Mr. Baker, accordingly, went outside the court to see the 'wild child,' and there was a small boy about seven years old, or less, squatting on the ground like a small animal. Directly Mr. Baker came near him, he put his head in the air and snuffed about, finishing by bolting on all fours to his father, between whose legs he backed like a small wild beast retreating into a burrow. Looking closer at the child, Mr. Baker saw that he was nearly or entirely blind from some form of cataract, and his body was covered with the white scars of innumerable, healed, tiny cuts and scratches. The boy's father narrated the following story, which Mr. Baker fully believes to be true.

About five years before Mr. Baker saw father and son, the Cachari villagers had found two leopard cubs close to their villages, which they killed. The mother leopard had tracked the murderers of her children back to the village and had haunted the outskirts for two days. The third day, a woman cutting rice in some cultivation close to the village laid her baby boy down on a cloth while she went on with her work. Presently, hearing a cry, she turned round and saw a leopard bounding away and carrying the child with it. The whole village at once turned out and hunted for the leopard and baby, but without success, and, finally, they were forced by darkness to leave the boy, as they supposed, to be eaten by the leopard.

Some three years after this event, a leopardess was killed close to the village by a sportsman, who brought in the news of his success, together with the information that the leopard had cubs which he had failed to secure. On hearing this, the whole village turned out and eventually captured two cubs and one child, the boy of Mr. Baker's story. He was at once identified by his parents, claimed by them, and their claim admitted by the whole village.

Subsequently, when visiting Dhungi Mr. Baker interviewed the head man, and also the man who actually caught the child, and they both corroborated the father's tale in every detail. It appeared that at the time he was caught, the child ran on all fours almost as fast as an adult man could run, while in

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dodging in and out of bushes and other obstacles he was much cleverer and quicker. At that time, he was only suffering from cataract to a slight extent and could see fairly well, but after he was caught his eyes rapidly became worse. His knees, even when Mr. Baker saw him and when he had learned to move about upright, to a great extent, had hard callosities on them, and his toes were retained upright, almost at right angles to his instep. The palms of his hands, and pads of toes and thumbs were also covered with very tough, horny skin. When first caught, he bit and fought with everyone who came within reach of him, and, although even then affected in his eyes, any village fowl which came within his reach was seized, torn to pieces, and eaten with extraordinary rapidity.

When brought before Mr. Baker, the boy had been more or less tamed. He walked upright, except when startled into extra rapid motion, and was friendly with his own villagers, whom he seemed to know by scent. He would eat rice, vegetables, and so forth, and consented to sleep in his father's hut at night. Clothes, being a Cachari child of tender years, he had not been introduced to. His blindness was not in any way due to his treatment by the leopard, as another child of the same woman, a couple of years older, and the mother also, had both had the same form of cataract. At the same time, the defective sense of sight may well have intensified his sense of smell, as the loss of the one must have caused him to rely more on the other. When caught, the child was in perfect condition, thin but well covered, and with a quite exceptional development of muscle. Mr. Baker contributes the detailed story of the child to the *Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society.*

The Death of Mr. T. W. Rolleston

By the death of Mr. T. W. Rolleston at the age of sixty-three, we lose one of the moving spirits in the Irish literary renaissance. Perhaps the most widely known of his works was *The Treasury of Irish Poetry* (1900), which he edited in collaboration with Stopford Brooke, whose daughter he married some years previously. His book on *Imagination and Art in Gaelic Literature* (1900) was a timely revelation of aspects of the Irish genius to the world at large. Rolleston belonged to the splendid race of Irish practical idealists, at whose head stands George Russell (A. E.). His activities as Director of the Irish Industries Association, and organizer to the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction were an integral part of his life's work, proceeding from the same centre as his criticism of literature and art. To Rolleston, Mr. George Moore dedicated *Esther Waters.*

A Film from Sweden

A distinguished Swedish film, *Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness*, has been attracting much attention in London. The following resumé will probably cause Americans to regard it as uncomfortably didactic. But, didactic or not, we shall, most likely, see it over here within the twelve-month, the name changed of course to something like *The Pain of Passion* or *Should Wives Take Poison?* According to the London *Times:*

. . . It is, in fact, a sermon in pictures, beautifully told and beautifully expressed. Incidentally, it is a great tribute to the world-wide work of the Salvation Army. The story is concerned with an outcast who is waiting in a graveyard for the New Year to ring in, in order that he and his comrades may drink a curse to the months that are to come. A young social worker, on her death bed, is call-

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ing for him, but he refuses to go to her. Even his friends are disgusted with his callous behavior, as he tells them of the legend of the cart of death which drives everywhere and collects the souls of the dead, the driver being the man, whoever he be, who has died on the stroke of the New Year. There is a quarrel, during which the outcast is stabbed in the back, and then the theme develops. The death cart appears, driven by the man who had died a year before, and who had really started the outcast on his downward path. He conjures up a vision of the past life of the man who has just been stabbed, and one sees the gradual decline and fall of the healthy young man, with his wife and two children. He returns from a spell of imprisonment to find that his wife has left him and taken the children with her.

Determined to find her and to show her how it feels to be scorned by everyone, he tramps from town to town, and, eventually, falls under the spell of an ardent young social worker. She battles to save his soul, and at last succeeds in bringing husband and wife together. The scene of the meeting is a fine piece of acting. The wife, having screwed herself up to the point of forgetting the past, greets her husband with a smile; the man, with hatred in his heart, stares beyond her into space. The idea of saving the man from eternal ruin becomes an obsession with the girl, and when she is stricken with illness, she calls for him in her delirium. The driver of the death cart takes him to her, but his heart is still hardened, and it looks as if nothing will alter him. Suddenly, however, his cold nature breaks down. He is taken to the hovel where his wife and children are living, and where the wife is making preparations for murder and suicide as an end to suffering. The frantic man begs the driver of the death cart to stop her, but he replies that he has no power with the living. In his agony, his lips move in prayer, and he falls on his knees with a request to God to be merciful. The proud spirit of the outcast is broken at last, and as the driver disappears, he recovers consciousness and finds that he is still lying where he fell, in the graveyard. He dashes off to the hovel, finds that his wife is indeed about to take poison, and with a promise to reform and to love those near and dear to him, the play ends.

The cleverness in construction of the Swedish producers is shown by the fact that there are really only four characters who count in the story — the outcast, the driver of the death cart, the wife, and the Salvation Army worker.

A New Symphony by Sibelius

(From the *Times*)

QUEEN'S HALL was crowded on Saturday afternoon for the first performance of Sibelius's new symphony (No. 5 in E flat), and the composer was greeted with the most cordial applause, when he came forward to conduct it. A comparison of the reception given to the man beforehand, and to the work afterwards, suggested that the latter left the audience a little puzzled.

It is true that this symphony is designed on broader lines than its predecessor,— it contains more positive statement of its ideas, many of which are of the simplest melodic kind,—that the coloring is richer and fuller, with more use of the effects of orchestral masses. Yet, the fact that its manner places it more in line with accepted standards of symphonic development is apt to raise expectations which are not fulfilled. There is a severity about the ideas which is chilling on their first presentation, and each movement closes abruptly, just when the mind has become persuaded of its earnestness.

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The first two movements are closely linked together by a four-note motto theme which pervades the greater part of the subject matter of both; they are distinguished by a contrast of mood. The first,— *tempo molto moderato,*— is a dreaming fantasy in which many motives and forces contend; the second unifies them in a more closely knit *scherzo* rhythm. Through both of them, the strings supply an uneasy background of shimmering sound, while the voices of the wind instruments are more clearly articulated. The third movement is *andante quasi allegretto.* The rather dry rhythmic pattern of the chief theme is discussed among the instruments in a way which is strangely Mozart-like and marks most definitely Sibelius's abstracted devotion to pure beauty of design.

The finale launches out into a franker expression of feeling. Its second subject makes an almost passionate appeal on its first arrival, and this appeal is intensified in the long development of it which leads to the *coda.* Yet, somehow, this ending left the feeling that the composer had not allowed himself to say all that he meant, or the thing which he meant most of all. This may have been partly in the playing, for Sibelius is a difficult conductor to follow. If, only, he could have given his ideas to Sir Henry Wood and let the latter carry them out for him, the first impression of this symphony might have been far more satisfactory than it actually was. But that, probably, would have been impossible. Sibelius, both as composer and conductor, stands apart, a lonely figure seeking with difficulty to bring the ideals which are intensely real to him into touch with other minds. Possibly, it is his struggle for expression which sometimes recalls Beethoven as one listens to him. Certainly, the Beethoven violin concerto which Miss Jelly D'Aranyi played finely, immediately after, seemed the right thing to follow this strenuous symphony. Novak's symphonic poem 'In the Tatra,' with its fluent and conventional scene painting, seemed misplaced — altogether a thing too effectively written and too easily comprehended.

Washington Statue for London

THE Sulgrave Institution, which recently offered to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and also to the City of Liverpool, copies of the famous Houdon statue of George Washington, has received cordial replies to both offers. The estimate of the cost of making replicas of the statue, and of placing them in position, is now being prepared. As soon as this is known, the Institution will begin to raise the necessary funds.

The question of presenting to the British nation a replica of this statue was first put forward in 1912 by the British-American Peace Centenary Committee. In 1914, the State of Virginia made a formal offer of a copy of the statue to his Majesty's government, who gratefully accepted it.

Ambassador Claudel

M. PAUL CLAUDEL, the French Ambassador at Copenhagen, is now to go to Tokyo in the same capacity. Mr. Robert Nichols, from this side, is also about to depart for Tokyo, having accepted the post of Lecturer in English to the Imperial University.

Stonehenge Again

WHILE the work of replacing the large fallen stones, as far as possible, in their original positions was recently in progress at Stonehenge, an old lady passing by, made the following remark: 'I zee thee be a-puttin' of they ztoans back. Z'poze they wuz zent zumwheres for zafety doorin' the Air Raids?'

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[*The Sunday Times*]

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES

BY EDMUND GOSSE

THE house of James promises to be better known in literary history than any other American family of our day. It has produced three men of letters remarkable for their energy and originality, all dowered with that quality of personal force which will not permit itself to be passed by. The father, Henry I, was a philosopher little regarded in his own day, who developed what was rudely called 'a sort of Ishmaelitish Swedenborgianism,' by no means to be easily apprehended. He was the contemporary of Longfellow and Holmes and Motley, but by the side of their fame he walked in a cloud, almost unobserved. His views were expressed in admirable English, but they were difficult of interpretation and it used to be said that the only people who understood them were his two sons.

Being inquisitive in such matters, I once pressed Henry II, to explain them to me briefly, but he admitted that he could not. 'William, and only William, can be father's interpreter!' But when Henry I died, in 1882, his posthumous fame began, for William published his *Literary Remains*, and trumpeted, with no uncertain sound, the claim of Henry I to be considered one of the most acute metaphysicians that America had produced. He was also one of the most surprising, and a portent to the New England conventions. It is recorded that he once 'attacked morality' in the house of Emerson, whose sister, aged eighty-four, and wearing her shroud under her dress, rose in rebuke and shook him by the shoulders.

This eccentric and valuable man had five children, two of whom were endowed with genius. It seems hardly fair on the millions of American citizens that, among the half dozen leading men of letters of a generation, two should be brothers, but so it was. Indeed, among the serious writers of their time, the only name which could be mentioned in competition with those of William and Henry II James was that of W. D. Howells.

Delightful, vivacious, sensitive to the last degree, this trio illuminated the America of their age, and, having passed away, still speak to us. Of Howells, no monument has yet been unveiled, but the brothers are more and more prominently celebrated, and now Henry III comes forward, bearing two massive volumes of letters written by his father, the psychologist, with a biographical setting of his own so tactfully written and so competently arranged, that we perceive in it fair evidence of a dynastic talent.

While we read these volumes, we ought to have open at our side that somewhat nebulous masterpiece, *A Small Boy and Others*, in which Henry II revived his memories of sixty years before, seen through a golden haze of retrospect. With all this literature in our hands, we may repeat of the brothers, if we please, the old amiable gibe that the one wrote fiction like metaphysics, and the other metaphysics like fiction. Whatever it was,

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they wrote it with passion and intrepidity.

William James was born in 1842. For anecdotes of his boyhood we are referred to his brother's memories, and the *Letters* do not open till 1861, when he gave up the ambition to become a painter, which had hitherto inspired him, and abruptly turned to chemistry. Later, his growing curiosity about science developed into a determination to train for the medical profession.

During these early years his mind, as revealed in the *Letters*, displays no consistent bias, but an impetuous curiosity directed, spasmodically, to all manner of subjects. He seems to dart about in the pursuit of knowledge without an aim, like a frightened fish in a glass jar, anxious to escape from some unrealized restraint. No doubt, all this restlessness prepared his intellect for its final direction. It was not until 1865, when, being in Brazil on a futile zoological expedition, he suddenly wrote home, 'I'm going to study philosophy all my days,' and tore back from the Amazon to work on psychology at Harvard.

He could not, however, get free at once from his physical science, and in 1872 we find him still teaching physiology, although he was secretly setting his face on the ultimate horizon. He still suffered from a sense of mental inexperience, and from what he called a 'philosophical hypochondria.' It is not until 1877 that we see him transferred to the Department of Philosophy at Harvard, and beginning to give lectures under the title of 'Psychology.'

Now, in his thirty-sixth year, his violent and vagabond mind is discovered flowing along a channel at last, and for the rest of his life runs in it, never, indeed, steadily, but at least exclusively. He had long perceived that he had 'many of the elements of a Pascal' in him, and now his intellectual career, so tossed and flung about by a devouring agitation, had acquired a measure of equilibrium, and had become reconciled to life and to itself. Yet, it was perhaps rather Descartes than Pascal whom the excitable and light-hearted William James resembled.

He now remarked that the teaching of philosophy had been neglected in the United States, where it was generally left in the safe hands of a minister of religion, who 'edified rather than awakened' his pupils. The modern masters of European thought were ignored, and when Schopenhauer was mentioned by a student, the professor would gently lead back such a lamb to the fold of Butler's 'Analogy.' William James now, in 1878, entered into a very fortunate and happy marriage, and while he was spending his honeymoon in a romantic glen of the Adirondacks he began to write a Manual.

This book occupied him for the next twelve years, and appeared at last as the famous *Principles of Psychology*. Of its inception, development, and completion, the *Letters* give a record of sustained and, almost, of romantic interest. Meanwhile, William James was lecturing with ever-increasing audacity, rousing the sect of the Hegelians by his chaff of 'their sacerdotal airs and their sterility,' corresponding with Renouvier, exciting himself by a visit to the Prague philosophers, and forming a friendship with the only other American metaphysician, Josiah Royce, of California.

All was prepared for success, but nothing was expected that could approach the overwhelming popularity of the *Psychology*, when it was published in 1890. It was read by everybody, and became the subject of discussion at every Transatlantic 'tea-squall.' The unique training of William James, his admirably pure and vivid English, and his daring rejection of all the mysteries and shibboleths of the

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metaphysicians combined to ensure him an almost dangerous welcome from the public.

There now followed a period of high prosperity and effectiveness, marked by the publication of *The Will to Believe*, in 1897, which widened the circle of his admirers, a class from which none but professional philosophers now absented themselves. The piety of his son does not conceal the fact, which William James's own letters abundantly reveal, that he never completely ingratiated the men of his own profession. Philosophers must decide among themselves what were the technical causes of this divergence; but William James's energetic individualism was quite enough to account for it. He mocked his own follower Josiah Royce, he repudiated his own master Renouvier, not with the slightest bitterness, but in a tumult of democratical high spirits, his arm wound round the victim's shoulder all the while, and talking at the top of his voice. He could not endure the traditional attitude, the sacerdotal apparatus; he brought his metaphysic out into the street, and stripped it of its mystery. He was constantly revising his own opinions and changing his own mind, 'but it was only the elastic and transient bowing of the reed before the gale.' He was moderate and balanced in nothing, and he scorned a mediocrity of affection. If a book, or a person, or an opinion suddenly pleased him, he welcomed it with 'whoops of blessing,' and, on the other hand, disapproval took the form of an inarticulate cry of disgust.

All this fascinated his classes and his public, but was ill-fitted to conciliate graver colleagues, especially in Europe. To a recommendation we find him replying, 'Damn your imperfect geniuses!' But Bergson came across his path in 1902, and William James clasped to his bosom, at length, one brother 'of exquisite genius.'

All William James's life rang like a peal of wedding bells, until one summer, when his indomitable high spirits led him, already exhausted by his work, to take part in a mad expedition over the Adirondacks, involving, besides a night out in the woods, an amount of climbing of spurs and peaks beyond the endurance of a studious man of fifty-six. The result was a valvular lesion of the heart, the insidious progress of which no treatment at Nauheim or retirement at Rye could stem. But William James would not give way; he delivered his Gifford Lectures in Edinburgh, he published his *Pragmatism*, which enjoyed the success of a popular romance; yet, with all his energy and determination he was a doomed man. In 1907 he had to resign all his duties at Harvard, but the old vitality flashed up again in the addresses on 'A Pluralistic Universe,' which he delivered at Oxford the next year. He died at Chocorua, in New Hampshire, on August 26, 1910. This man determined both to live and know, and his record is a portent of violent intellectual beneficence.

It is natural to contrast the philosopher with his no less eminent, and to us, more familiarly known, brother Henry. This may be done abundantly and instructively in the published correspondence of the pair. William had none of Henry's absorbing passion for Europe, and his first greetings on stepping out of the steamer train were, 'My! how cramped and inferior England seems! America may be raw and shrill, but I could never live with this as you do!' The indignation which these blasphemies awakened in Henry is divertingly described by his nephew:

> Horror and consternation are weak terms by which to describe his [Henry James's] feelings; and nothing but a devotion seldom existing be-

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tween brothers, and a lively interest in the astonishing phenomenon of such a reaction, ever carried him through the hour. He usually ended by hurrying William onward — anywhere — within the day if possible — and remained alone to ejaculate, to exclaim, and to expatiate, for weeks, on the rude and exciting cyclone that had burst upon him, and passed by.

At the beginning of the late war, Henry James exclaimed to a pair of his London friends, 'However English you may be, know that I am still more intensely English!' William James is revealed to us as no less intensely American, yet, there is nothing in his humorous outbursts which can stir a feather in our own national susceptibility.

[*The Manchester Guardian*]

WINTER FISHING

BY W. H. H.

THE wind swooped down out of the frozen fastnesses of the North and raced across the night, fretting the tips of the swelling seas into lustreless white ridges against the blackness. The stiffened canvas of the little smack boomed and groaned beneath the onslaught, with the reef points beating a mad tattoo, and the weather halyards whined and crackled under the strain.

She rose and fell to the ill-tempered tumble of water with the loggy motion of a trawler with her gear down, and the deck-hand, in solitary watch, with his head bent to the squall, hugged the shelter of the mizzen mast, the lashed tiller hunched up under his hip.

Right away to windward, a tiny point of light told of the presence of other toilers taking their harvest, and the deckie watched stolidly; it gave him a sense of companionship on that lonely deck. But, as he watched it rise and fall, there broke out a sudden flare of light below it, a long flame that split the darkness and showed the silhouetted figures of moving men. The deckie grunted to himself, and, shaking the sleet from the windward side of his oilskins, dropped silently down the hoodway of the little cabin.

Just inside, on the bottom locker, lay curled up the little skipper, dressed even to his oilies, and the deckie shook him by the shoulder.

'Just on dawn, skipper,' he whispered, 'an' the Dutchie to win'ard is haulin'.'

The little man was awake in an instant, every sense alert. In a couple of seconds he had followed the deckie to the deck, noting the steam pressure of the winch on the way. A few moments later, his towsled head was thrust through the cabin top.

'B'low there, turn out to haul-l!' he bawled.

There was a momentary hesitation, and then the bunkslides shot back; into the light of the cabin poked three pairs of stockinged legs followed by their grimy owners, who, yawning and swaying, groped sleepily round for their thigh-boots and mitts, and, after taking toll of the hospitable tea kettle on the cabin stove, struggled into their brine-stiffened oilskins and followed each other to the cold, wet deck above.

. . . . . .

A brilliant oil lamp shot its glare along the slushy deck, while the stumpy funnel of the steam capstan was roaring out half a foot of flame and a stream of soot and smoke, that eddied and swirled down to leeward.

The smack had come round in the wind, and the big boom swung heavily over; the skipper and deckie, taking advantage of the slack in the trawl warp, the heavy hempen cable that tows the gear along the ocean bottom, had transferred it from the tow-post amidships to the steam winch.

'Stopped to curl yer hair?' inquired the little man, sarcastically, as the hands rose out of the hoodway. 'Bet-

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ter get a move on; it'll keep you warm.'

The deckie chuckled and buffeted his body into warmth, the icicles clinging from his mitts as he swung his arms. 'Cold enough to freeze the scales off'n a dogfish, all the watch,' he volunteered. And no one contradicted him.

Then the winch rattled into action, and inboard, out of the depths overside, came the sinuous, dripping warp. With his mitts pulled well over his hands, the third hand paid it into the hold forward, and as the little smack dropped down the long valleys, her low deck occasionally caught a tumbling rush of icy water that tickled that luckless third hand into spurts of profanity. The others laughed uproariously.

For a minute or so, the winch merrily rattled on until, all at once, like some prehistoric monster of the deep, the gaunt trawl-beam, with the wrought-iron hoops at each end, rose out of the sea and went towering upwards to the obscurity of the yards. A hastily-lit flare showed up the streaming meshes of the net that hung to it, as the whole gear was carefully lowered flush with the ice-crowned gunnel.

The skipper called a rest, and the crew warmed their rime-caked hands, already aflame with chilblains and salt water sores, by the glowing winch funnel, while the boy dodged below for mugs of the inevitable tea. They wiped the sleet from their faces and swallowed the scalding stuff in gulps; then the skipper bullied them into action again as he looked around at the sky.

'Come on, we'll be gettin' along,' he said; 'there's heaps t' do, an' more squalls a comin'.'

In one long line, they hung over the slippery gunnel, clawing up the net that hung in the water below, by their fingers in the meshes. With a united swing, to the grunt of the skipper, they hauled it slowly in, to pile up glistening inboard.

In a moment or two, the apex of the net came into view, a whitey-gray mass on the surface of the water; but it was too heavy to haul in by hand, so they rested again while a block and tackle was rigged up to the yard. The block was frozen, but it was soon kicked into action, and, to the racket of the winch, the night's catch slowly swept up out of the sea and swung round over the deck.

'What did I say?' shouted the skipper; 'look at it! thirty trunks if a skip-full. Winter fish'n's barb'rous — but 'tis fish'n.'

The deckhand slid underneath the streaming bag of fish that hung a foot or two above the deck, and slacked away the rope that held the mouth of the net fast. With a rush and a splatter, the harvest of twelve hours' trawling dropped down on the slippery deck; rocks and weed; great turbot and tiny haddock; shell-fish, sea-shells, and rusted wreckage; brill, skate, cod, and ling; — all went sliding down under the lee rail in an apparently inextricable mass. They lit another flare and waded in to sort it out. Wet and cold, they wasted no time. Overboard went the rocks and weed, small fry and undesirable fish generally, while the rest were quickly sorted into skips for cleaning.

In a little while, the deck was comparatively clear and the gear 'shot' again. The mate went below to warm up on a mess of meat, peas, and duff, preparatory to taking up the morning watch, while the others prepared the catch for packing in the fishroom.

The little skipper took his morning pipe in the shelter of the hoodway, and watched Sammy pack half a dozen huge turbot, carefully, in a fish trunk.

'A dozen lots like that, Sammy,' he said, 'an' ye'll feel a difference in your share, eh? Prime's the stuff for profit — an' winter fish'n for prime fish.'

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[*The New Statesman*]

APPASSIONATA

BY J. JOHN

THE sea is a flat calm, the atmosphere full of a languorous mist so that the isoletta which is not more than eight miles distant is completely hidden from view. Two fishing vessels, their sails furled, stand at anchor off the mainland. The crews have gone home to the little stone houses in the village. When the day is clear, one can see the island with the naked eye and pick out the church which stands high on the side of the hill. Twice, I have made the crossing. It is pleasant going; the motor-boat swishes through the blue waters, a cool breeze fans one's brow. Yet, it is necessary to be cautious in choosing the day, else it is a painful and, possibly, dangerous business.

One makes the journey for the pleasure of going, for the island is an unattractive place. A few stone houses huddled together, steep and treacherous roads, and the small, featureless church, nothing more.

'What do the people do?' I asked Salvatore, who is one of the boatmen.

'Do, Signor?' he queries, as though surprised at my question. 'Ebbene, they fish and grow wheat.'

'Well,' I said, for, obviously, they cannot fish and grow wheat all the time, 'what else?'

Salvatore looks at me stolidly. 'Niente,' he returns.

Dolce far niente! Happy people, indeed!

As to fishing, I gather that it is a simple business. There are quiet pools with fish in plenty; tame fish it would seem, since they may be caught in the hand. Also, there are goats to supply milk. Figs grow in abundance there. Looking at Salvatore, who has a leonine head and shaggy iron-gray hair, I found myself wondering whom he resembled. For the life of me, I could not remember. Then, suddenly, it came to me; he was the living image of Danton as he is pictured to us. The first time I shouted, 'Hi, Danton,' he looked surprised, as well he might, but it was surprise unmixed with resentment, possibly because he had not understood. Danton, I have continued to call him, and have so thought of him ever since. His would-be competitor in the motor-boat business is Carmelo, a slip of a man thirty odd years Danton's junior. Few passengers come this way, and these are divided in a just proportion between them — an amicable arrangement.

Sauntering through the village one day, in search of tobacco, I saw, at the open door of Danton's casa, a girl. She stood chatting to a canarino in his gilt cage. Pest! I had not brought my kodak. However, I could admire at my leisure the graceful neck, the slender arm raised as she put a finger through the bars. On tip-toes she stood, and the short skirt displayed trim ankles. Danton's daughter, I said to myself. Madame Danton was, I supposed, indoors, engaged with domesticities. But I was wrong there. The pretty child whom I had seen was old Danton's wife. Now, clearly there was no love match here. It had been a matter of arrangement. Older heads than Annunziata's had taken counsel. There had been deliberations, proposals, counter-proposals, discussions; a damnably business-like proceeding. Perhaps the intervention of the marriage broker. Chi sa! Ten months they had been married, and Annunziata was already bored, and that is a bad business. You could read it in her eyes, in the droop of her head. 'Poveretta,' I found

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myself saying when I looked at her. Festas there were none in this desolate spot. What use, then, were the heavy ear-rings, the gaily colored skirt, the white stockings? And if it came to that, the laughing eyes with their witchery, there being no one to bewitch? She was caged like her canary. And when she sang, never was it a full-throated song of happiness: 'L'uccello canta in gabbia, non per amore ma per rabbia.' The pity of it, I thought, and discovered later that Carmelo was of a like opinion. In the evening, she used to run down the hill to the landing-stage and sit on the wooden pier, dangling her feet above the cool waters. Sometimes, Danton was there, too, placidly smoking. More often, he came down for a little while, then sauntered home up the white road.

Queer old fellow! I imagine words came hardly to him; that he was perhaps a poor hand at raillery. But Carmelo was always there. At first, I used to stroll that way to take the evening air. There they were, always, he and she. Discreetly, I gave up going in that direction; instead, I wandered off to drink bad coffee at the village inn and watched the fishermen playing dominoes. Cielo! it was no affair of mine, this love-making; I was not old Danton's watch-dog.

. . . . . .

To-day, great scandal in the village. One of the motor-boats is missing, and Annunziata and Carmelo are not to be found. The girl's mother, a sour-visaged contadina, has put in an appearance. She is talking, with appropriate gestures, to all and sundry. 'Oimé, Oimé, Madonna santissima, what is one to do!' What, indeed! Someone suggests giving chase, since the second motor-boat remains. Two fishermen who have been pressed into service, somewhat unwillingly, go down with the virago mother to the landing stage. At a distance, I follow them to observe the comedy. The men are trying to start the engine. All to no purpose, so that one may guess Carmelo has taken precautions. Torrents of words, invocations to the saints, maledictions reach my ears; the woman would make a fortune on the stage.

Meanwhile, the truant pair are gaining time. Probably they have landed some miles down the coast. Once they reach a city, who is there who can discover in a labyrinth of streets their hiding-place?

Foolish pair! When the small stock of money has been spent, what will they do? Carmelo will perhaps turn waiter, and Annunziata will weary her pretty feet in trudging up and down the stone steps of some hostelry. The would-be rescue party are turned in my direction and are looking towards the village; I follow their gaze. Danton is not to be seen. They are coming up the hill. The woman, soundly rating the fishermen, brushes past me. The men are grinning broadly.

But it is no laughing matter. In the evening I passed the little house for the last time. Old Danton was sitting at the door beneath the empty cage. I hurried by, for I could not look upon his face.

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[*The Bookman*]

SIR PHILIP GIBBS

BY FREDERIC WHYTE

DURING all the twenty years of our intimate acquaintance I have never been able to think of Philip Gibbs without thinking also of David Copperfield. Even now as a man of forty, with his remarkably youthful countenance, he would still look David Copperfield to the life, if only he wore his hair a little longer, and his trousers a little tighter. There is a great deal of David in his character, no less than in his personal appearance — in his grave simplicity, his unobtrusive humor, his depth of feeling, his wide sympathies, his keenly observant interest in everything, human nature most of all. And then, into the bargain, there is his literary and journalistic career. Had David Copperfield gone forth as a 'War Special' who can doubt but that his record would have been just such as the record of Philip Gibbs? Incidentally, he would doubtless have become 'Sir David.' I like to picture Mr. Wilkins Micawber inditing a letter of congratulation to the young friend whom he can never again address as 'My dear Copperfield.'

It was on a spot hallowed by memories, not indeed of David Copperfield and Mr. Micawber, but of their creator that Philip Gibbs and I first met — at La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, the site of one of the celebrated old coaching inns of London, now for two score years and more the centre from which the multifarious publications of Cassell & Co. radiate over the British Empire. Young Philip, whose father was an inspector of schools, had recently joined Cassell & Co.'s editorial staff as assistant to the manager of their Education Department, Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P., a very serious and strenuous man, and something of a celebrity in the world of politics. The twenty-year-old new-comer put his back into the work and soon made himself quite an educational expert; but a better opening which offered elsewhere put an early end to this stage in his career.

The better opening was that of editor of Tillotson's Fiction Bureau at Bolton, in Lancashire. Here, also, he made his mark. As a change from the countless novels and short stories which it was his business to procure for those wholesale literary purveyors, he introduced a curiously interesting new 'feature' of his own, under the effective title, 'Knowledge is Power'— a miscellany of extracts from all kinds of books, with a running commentary by himself, and original contributions from chance correspondents, famous or obscure. It was a huge success. That gift of sympathy which was to be so great a factor in his achievements as a war correspondent now revealed itself and brought him all kinds of communications — thousands of them — from all corners of the globe. I doubt whether anybody in England, except Mr. Stead of the *Review of Reviews*, had so wonderful a letter bag.

But Bolton is a dismal hole, and Philip Gibbs and his young wife — whom he had married in his teens — longed again for London. So we find

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him installed, presently, at Carmelite House on the staff of the *Daily Mail*. After the *Daily Mail*, came, if I remember right, the *Daily Chronicle* and a first experience of that work as a 'special reporter' which, with the writing of books, was to be his chief occupation during the subsequent years. I forget what he published first, but I know that a biography of the Duke of Buckingham was one of his earliest ventures. Presently, the *Tribune*, the loudly heralded new morning newspaper which was to be the organ of the Liberal Party, entered on its luckless existence, with Philip Gibbs as its literary editor. The *Tribune* died ingloriously within a year, but its literary editor turned his experience to excellent account in his best novel, *The Street of Adventure*.

What year was it that Dr. Cook did *not* reach the North Pole? I forget, and I am jotting down these very imperfect memories in a remote village many miles away from any reference books. Anyway, Philip was at Copenhagen with a number of other London journalists, among them Mr. Stead, to meet that accomplished — explorer. Every one else swallowed Dr. Cook's concoctions, but Philip Gibbs refused to do so. He smelled a rat, and he went for the unfortunate impostor like a veritable rat-terrier. All his newspaper colleagues thought he was making a fool of himself — even Mr. Stead urged him to desist, declaring that he was ruining his whole career. I remember how anxious I was for him, myself, for he seemed to be judging by instinct rather than on evidence, and there was material for a libel action in his every message. But he was perfectly right, and all ended happily — except for poor Dr. Cook.

Now, I must skip some years and come to the war in the Balkans. I suppose there was never so raw a war correspondent as the Philip Gibbs who was then sent out (by the *Daily Graphic*) to describe the fighting. As the most experienced and most distinguished of all the old stagers expressed it, he looked the sort of dreamy youth who would always leave his kit behind and never know how to get himself a square meal. But within a very few weeks he proved himself, on the contrary, to be a young man of much resourcefulness, and he accomplished his mission right well. So well that, when the great war broke out in 1914, he was among the first 'specials' to go to the front.

How splendidly he acquitted himself during those long and terrible years needs no recounting. In a review of one of his war books, that same Balkan colleague of his, cited above, Mr. H. W. Nevinson, whose own record of the Dardanelles campaign is a military classic, declared generously: 'He has done better work than any of us.' That is the general verdict. Without Nevinson's own profound knowledge and fastidious literary style, without many of the gifts to be found among his other competitors, Philip Gibbs, by right chiefly of his pluck, and grit, and pertinacity, and his warm sympathy and observant eyes, is held by almost every one to rank first among all the British chroniclers of the war.

What of his future? Who can prophesy? Certainly not himself. He has never been a far-seeing planner-out of his own life. He has just jogged along, with an occasional big spurt. Perhaps the biggest spurt of all, brought to a close with the ending of the great war, is now to be followed by another of a new kind. His acceptance of the editorship of the *Review of Reviews* suggests as much. A man must gird up his loins in order to follow worthily in the footsteps of the brave and brilliant founder of that famous periodical.

Yet many of Sir Philip's friends

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would not have been surprised if with his latest volume, *People of Destiny* — wherein, with a sympathy and appreciation almost unexampled among English writers, he has recorded his impressions of the United States — he had decided to withdraw from London, altogether. I fancy that a quiet country life, with his pen and his books, is what he really yearns for, even now. He is a genuine bookman — not a scholar exactly, but a real *lover* of books. Except music, he has no other absorbing enthusiasms. Reading and writing, writing and reading — that is how it is natural to him to spend his existence. Thus employed, with his wife and fine young son for company, Philip Gibbs is the happy man he deserves to be.

[*London Quarterly Review*]

A ROYAL ANTHOLOGY

BY T. ALEXANDER SEED

THE title of this charming and informing anthology is a little misleading. The author, who writes, not as a royalist, but simply as a Frenchman, has succeeded in his aim, and has presented a selection of the thoughts of fifteen out of the fifty Kings of France in an attractive form, with copious and illuminating notes; but comparatively few of his excerpts answer to our notion of a *pensée;* in which, as Joubert says, 'the ambition of an author is to put a book into a page, a page into a phrase, and a phrase into a word.' Most of his extracts are more essayish than aphoristic; but whether the reflections, observations, and opinions he has chosen from a multitude of documents are diffuse or concentrated, they are used to show that the kings in question, though often weak, misguided, and tyrannical, were not the monsters of the prejudiced historian or the popular imagination, but men who, as a rule, exhibit in their writings much fairness of mind, a high sense of duty, moderation, and devotion to the golden mean; and some of whom displayed in rich abundance Shakespeare's 'king-becoming graces,— justice, verity, temperance, stableness, bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, devotion, patience, courage, fortitude.'

St. Louis fitly leads the way, the fairest flower of Christian chivalry, the pure-souled, tender-hearted, stainless Parsifal of France. His famous letter to his son is given in full, and extracts from a less-known missive to his daughter, whom he playfully exhorts to revise her budget, and, when it is a question of buying, 'incline to the less rather than to the more.' Then follow extracts from Philippe le Bel on the horrors of war, and from Charles the Sixth, the well-beloved, on 'Sweet Peace,' who contributed a beatitude which finds an echo in the writings of many of the later kings: 'Blessed the kings who shall be numbered with those who have loved peace on earth.'

Louis XI, 'that universal spider,' was too much engaged in the fabrica-

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tion of the kingdom to give himself to speculations and reflection. He strikes the reader with the clearness and 'verdure' of his language. Like most of his successors he was wise enough to leave his ministers much freedom of action, often urging them to act according to circumstances. But when he issued positive orders he was as direct as he was peremptory: 'Tell that man Gaspard Cosse to be off, for I know well that he is acting for the king of Sicily; and if he will not go, put him in a sack and throw him into the river.' On another occasion, during the wars, the enemy having gone into winter quarters, the king writes that he, too, is off wild boar hunting, so as not to lose the season, and to be ready in the spring to take and kill the English. He always tried to get in the first blow, knowing, as he said, that if he did not strike he would be struck. He was also a splendid business man, and with great shrewdness and sagacity he wrote to the experts and merchants all over the country, urging them to make use of the franchises he had established so as to draw into France all that could augment and enrich her, whether it were the commerce of the Levant, which he would attract to Marseilles and thence dispatch through France by means of canals to England, Scotland, Holland, and Germany; or the experience of the Florentine jurists by which he hoped to profit for the reform of French law. To Louis XII is assigned a single page in which he describes himself as 'an amateur of peace,' and expresses his displeasure and regret that he has been obliged to defend his honor and that of his friends.

Francis I was one of the few French kings who were poets, and from one of his numerous poems here quoted, many of them of great distinction, there stands out the phrase that has ever since been famous, and that came so pat to the lips of the King of the Belgians in his reply to the Kaiser's taunt, in the early years of the late war: 'All is lost, save honor.' Then follows a page or two of extracts against the pillage committed by his armies, and in deprecation of religious conflicts, from the rather doubtful letters of Francis II, whom Dr. Punshon describes in his lecture on the Huguenots, as 'the imbecile and sickly husband of Mary, Queen of Scots.'

Among his other great qualities, Henry IV, Macaulay's 'Henry of Navarre,' reveals himself, in the fifty pregnant pages devoted to him, as a writer of the foremost rank, especially when we remember that when he wrote (between 1569 and 1610) neither the *Plutarch* of Amyot nor the *Essays* of Montaigne had had time to act on French language and French style. Nothing could exceed the lucidity of his thought and the subtle variety of his expression. Many of his phrases have passed into history, such as 'France for the French,' or the characteristic words he used when assuring his great minister, Rosny, of his frankness — 'I am quite naked.' The three chief aspects of Henry's character are illustrated by extracts from his letters, setting forth the man, the soldier, and the king. His many-sided humanity comes out in the picture he draws of his pastime with his 'bambins,' crawling on the floor with all his children riding on his back, a picture which has often been reproduced of the ever-popular king down to the present day; in his playful missive to the queen — 'Do not doubt I love you well, for you do all that I desire; that is the true way to govern me'; in his mandate to his friend, de Batz — 'Come, make haste, run, fly; it is the command of thy master and the prayer of thy friend'; in his message to the threatening commons — 'I have leapt over city walls

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and shall easily skip over barricades'; in his eloquent appeals for peace and unity and his well-known project for a, so-far, passion-thwarted League of Nations; in his famous battle cry — 'Comrades! God is for us; here are His enemies and ours; here is your king. Up and at them! If your standards fail you, rally round my snow-white plume; you will find it in the way to victory and honor,' and, lastly, in innumerable sayings, some of which, for centuries, have played their part as household words in France: 'Those who follow their conscience are of my religion, and, as for me, I belong to all those who are brave and good,' 'Absence is not the death of true friendship, it is, on the contrary, the school in which it is best learned,' 'Distrust is the nurse of all factions'; 'Worldly considerations often are in conflict with those from heaven'; 'God loves right better than might'; 'Resolve maturely, execute promptly'; 'I pity my poor people: I know how ill-used it is'; 'To ruin the people is to rid myself by my own hand.'

The gem of the collection will come as a surprise to those who imagine that the modern love of landscape and the eye for scenery now so prevalent originated with Ruskin, or even with Rousseau. It shows how accurately Macaulay interpreted the sentiment of the Huguenots at the battle of Ivry in the lines —

> Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
> Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France.

I refer to the charming extract from one of Henry's letters to Madame de Gramont describing the picturesque region of Marans in Aunis, on the Sèvre Niortaise. It is written with inimitable grace, and shows the king's poetic love of the very soil of France. Only Pierre Loti among French writers could have approached it in its picture of 'the happy isle'; and Loti, like the king, we must remember, is of Huguenot descent:

> The Happy Isle — I arrived here this evening to provide for the local guard. Ah, how I wish that you could have been here, too! It is the place best suited to your taste and humor I have ever seen. . . . It is an island composed of bosky marshes where, at every hundred paces, there are canals along which they bring the timber in boats. The water is clear and with little flow; the canals are of all widths, the boats of all sizes. Among these deserts, there are a thousand gardens which you can only reach by boat. The island has two leagues of windings, thus surrounded. There is a river at the foot of the château in the middle of the town, which is as habitable as Pau. There are few houses without their own little boat at the door. This river spreads in two arms, which bear not only big boats, but ships of fifty tons. It is only two leagues from the sea. It is a canal, rather than a river. Up stream come the large boats as far as Niort, twelve leagues away. There are endless mills and little isolated farms; singing birds of every kind, and all sorts of sea-birds. I enclose you some of the feathers. As for fish, they are a monstrosity, in number, size, and price; a big carp three sous, and a pike for five. It is a great place for traffic, and all by boat. The land is full of corn, and very beautiful. Here, you may live pleasantly in peace, and safely in time of war. Here, you may rejoice with those you love, and here you may commiserate an absence. Ah, how it makes you sing! . . .

Louis XIV, though more widely known through the splendors of his court, the eminence of his self-chosen ministers, and his own personal achievements as a ruler, does not lend himself so readily and so felicitously to the anthologist. No one among his most abject flatterers has ventured to compare le Roi Soleil to the brilliant writers of the golden literary age of France. Louis was no Racine or Molière or La Bruyère; much less was he a Pascal or a Bossuet or a Fénelon; nor, with all his pride and sense of kingly perquisites in glory, does he ever make such vain pretence. Yet, he seldom said a foolish thing, and often did a wise one,

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and in the eighty pages here devoted to his writings are to be found innumerable well-turned phrases, and many sayings which, by their good sense and grace, suggest some crowned Boileau or Nicole dealing with the problems and the difficulties of kingly rule. He regards himself as the most absolute of monarchs, but he has the grace and sense to see and to say, 'When one can do all that one will, it is not easy to will only what one ought to do.' He says, 'L'Etat, c'est moi!' but he also says, 'The interest of the State ought always to be first and foremost,' and on his deathbed he said, 'I am going, but the State will remain when I am gone.' He regards the king as the incarnate soul of the State, and says that his 'métier de roi' is 'grand, noble, and delicious, exercising here below a function all divine, so long as the ruler feels himself equal to his task'; and, in another place, as if in explanation of the famous saying, he adds, 'The prince is not made for himself alone: he should regard his greatness as the means and opportunity of doing the greatest good.' Other sayings may be roughly rendered thus: 'War, when it is necessary, is a justice, not only permitted, but commanded to kings; it is an injustice, on the contrary, when it can be avoided, and you can obtain the same thing by gentler means.' 'In giving us the sceptre, God has given us that which seems to be the most glorious thing on earth; we ought, therefore, by giving Him our heart, to give Him that which is most agreeable to Him.' 'We ought to be at once humble in ourselves, and proud of the position we occupy.' 'The whole art of economy consists, not in spending little, but in spending *à propos*.'

M. Boissy, who has a heart for 'men-against-odds,' goes out of his way to rehabilitate the one beheaded king of France, and seeks by copious extracts from his writings to justify his carefully-considered estimate of the life and character of Louis Seize. Stranger things have happened than the canonization of this distinguished and well-meaning, but unfortunate and much misrepresented king. A nation that, after all these centuries, has welcomed and rejoiced in the recent apotheosis of Joan of Arc, may come in time to recognize the merits of the ruler whom the panic fury of the Revolution sent to the guillotine. Louis XVI, whom our author calls 'the modern Hamlet,' was not the 'gros cochon' of Revolutionary tradition, but a scholar and a gentleman, fond of his books, and versed in many of the sciences; 'smit with purity to the point of passion; good even to weakness; resolute in will, but without the virtue of acting; a striking personality, audacious, capable of conceiving great and even adventurous designs, equally conscious of the majesty and utility of the monarchial institution, and of the necessities of the new spirit, but incapable of deciding on the transformations which would have overcome the revolutionary forces arrayed against him. . . . Had he been less courageously faithful to his royal duty, or less generous to the people and to the nation, he might perhaps have saved himself, but he would have left to history a less pure example.' Unhappily, I have only room for a few of the shorter sayings here preserved:

> The best way to avenge one's self is not to resemble him who has done us the injury. 'We should not receive the opinions of our fathers like children, and simply because they were our fathers and have left them to us; but we should examine them, and follow the truth.'— Speaking generally, the French are not nearly so skilful in hiding their true sentiments as in penetrating those of others. Their extreme vivacity leads them rather to reveal themselves by indiscretion, than to disguise themselves by artifice. . . . Their natural frankness betrays them, and when they utter a falsehood, or spread a calumny, they

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lower their eyes, they blush, they appear embarrassed, or, at least, they have not the same assurance and the same firmness as when they speak sincerely.

In closing, I may add as a companion to the picture drawn by Henri Quatre, an attempted translation of the closing lines of a letter from Louis XVIII to an unknown private friend. It comes in the midst of scores of memorable sayings from the writings of this last and best of the Bourbons, and gives us a glimpse of the kingly exile walking, pensive, in his garden at Hartwell and uttering laments upon the wife that he had lost. 'It is something,' says the king, referring to the springtime, 'to obtain a smile, even from inanimate things,' and adds:

> You know how much I love the lovely season, what pleasures the first fine days bring to me, the first leaves, the first flowers! But there is the drop of absinthe still in all these joys. When I breathe this salutary air I say to myself, 'It would have done her so much good!' At this very moment, I have here, beneath my eyes, a white camelia which has never been so beautiful as it is this year; I remember that I bought it for her birthday on our arrival here. I walk in the garden; I see my rose trees in bloom; to whom shall I now give the roses? . . . Still, this bitterness is not without some sweets: every time I experience these tender regrets, I feel that I am rendering her the purest homage; for I feel it in my heart; and if, as I hope, she has received the prize of her sufferings, must she not now enjoy the attachment and affection of her friend?

[*The Observer*]

BAUDELAIRE

BY J. C. SQUIRE

Mr. Symons's essay on Baudelaire is slight and rather disappointing. It has faults not usual in his books. Even those who do not approve his attitude toward art and life or, usually, share his critical admirations, must admit that he has generally been a lucid critic, careful of his English and careful of his form; exercising, in fact, that fastidiousness and aiming at that perfection which delight him in his favorite artists, whether poets, dancers, or music hall performers. His *Baudelaire* is scrappy; it lacks shape; it is neither a 'life' nor a thorough study. It is (if I may use the offensive words inoffensively) paddled out with a chapter on Villiers de l'Isle Adam which appears to have been written long before the rest of the book, and has no obvious connection with what goes before and after; and its English is remarkably rough, grammatically and otherwise, if judged by the standard Mr. Symons himself has set. The bibliography is useful. There are a certain number of 'facts' in the book which will be interesting to those who are unfamiliar with Baudelairean literature; and the reader who likes the flavor of a bygone fashion may derive some entertainment from the delightful obstinacy with which Mr. Symons maintains his desperately detached attitude toward the seven sins and the seven thousand diseases. He, whatever may happen to the rest of the world, is not going to be thrown off his balance by considerations of morals and hygiene. He sings the old tune which has strayed on from the days of Gautier's 'Moi, je fais émaux et camées.' How charming a perversion! How beautifully *stated* a brutality! How harmonious a blasphemy! But, granted his point of view, Mr. Symons has often been very penetrating and illuminating, and he might, with a greater expenditure of trouble, have written at least the most interesting thing about Baudelaire in English. And a good book about Baudelaire would be welcome.

For Baudelaire was one of the most fascinating personalities of his century, and, historically, one of the most influential. I use the word, of course, in a restricted sense. The large public never heard of him, and his 'teaching'

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was never sufficiently coherent, or 'practical,' or 'social,' to inspire group activity. He never disseminated drug taking as others have disseminated vegetarianism; no body of his disciples has ever instituted the systematic worship of Satan or consumption of hashish in any Hampstead Hothouse Suburb; and the devotees of despair remain unorganized. But he was important both as symptom and as agent. In him, there came to a climax that romantic pessimism which had wept in Werther and raved in Manfred, and brought gall to the lips of some of his French predecessors; and there was something in him which was in none of the others. He was the father of the later decadence, and much greater than any of his children. Classifications apart, his literary influence has indisputably been immense. His disciples have come to him one by one in the solitude of their own chambers, but those who bear his marks are found in all civilized countries, and have included many of the most conspicuous men of their age. Verlaine, Mallarmé, Rimbaud, Samain, Huysmans, in France; Swinburne, Wilde, Beardsley, in England: these are only a few, remembered casually, of the swarm whose thought and language have borne those unmistakable stigmata. It is possible to be affected by his thought, and then to cast off the sinister enchantment; it is possible to read him without being infected by his pessimism at all. But it is impossible to read him and forget him, to hear his accents without sometimes echoing them, to turn away with indifferent eyes from his powerful and mysterious personality. It is not the actual events of his life that exert this sway. His career was no pageant. He was an affectionate son, he had a long and wretched attachment to a stupid woman of color, he translated Poe, wrote for the newspapers, despised women, hated Belgians and material progress, was a slave to hashish, and died terribly: there is little more to be said. His power resided within himself, and in the poems which came nearest to being an expression of himself. As man and artist he was wholly unlike anybody else.

It is commonly said that Romanticism is distinguished by the desire for 'escape': that 'Over the hills and far away' is the phrase which best expresses the romantics of all ages and the whole romantic movement of the last century. That passion was present in Baudelaire in its intensest form; but peculiarly. He did not, as did some of our Pre-Raphaelites, turn his back on the contemporary world. He looked hard and long at it; he saw it vile and filthy, and described the foulness he saw with dreadful realism. He was not one of those who avoid life, and find happiness by lapping themselves in dreams of things more beautiful and serene, countries of content beyond the horizon, and ages golden through the haze of time. He hankered rather than escaped. He was perpetually longing for something 'remote from the sphere of our sorrow,' but he could never surrender himself to a vision of it; for his eyes were open, and he saw a horrible world and a black universe, terribly anarchic or terribly governed. When he was a young man he made a voyage to the East, and the memories of it haunted him all his life. The hot blue skies, the basking islands, the brown girls, the ships lying under the palm trees, the odors of spice and of brine — they recur in his work continually, as symbols of all things unattainable. But we may be sure that when he was in the East, he got little consolation from them, and he was sure of it himself. In one of his prose poems (I quote Mr. Symons's own old and excellent translation) he traversed the whole world in

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imagination, and it all turned to dust and ashes. 'Life,' he said, 'is a hospital, in which every patient is possessed by the desire of changing his bed. . . . It seems to me that I should always be happy if I were somewhere else.' But he offers his soul, Holland, and Lisbon, and the Baltic, and the Indies, and his soul remains unresponsive. In the end: 'At last my soul bursts into speech, and wisely she cries to me, "Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world!"'

His spirit had, he knew, the power of poisoning all that it contemplated. He was, he said in one of his poems, the peer of Midas; he could turn gold into dross and build sarcophagi in the gleaming fields of heaven. He was endowed at birth with a passsion for 'the place where you shall never be; the lover whom you shall never know'; his life was spent in the pursuit of a Beauty defined by himself as inaccessible. Yet, there the passion was. He might, in life, vainly attempt to distract himself with every vice. He might talk blasphemy about God and cynicism about human love. He might expend all the resources of his unique art on the description of the repellent objects which fascinated him. He might peer into every forbidden room, and defile every altar. He might walk, in the flesh or in imagination, through the most sterile of deserts and the most fetid of marshes; through all the disordered nightmares of the drug, and all the squalid byways of the human city, taverns, and brothels, and rain-soaked cemeteries; he might profess indifference to pain, and admiration for evil; but he could never kill his unsatisfied heart, and, above the confusion, he could always perceive the glimmer of virtue and love and peace beyond his reach:

Des Cieux Spirituels l'inaccessible azur,
Pour l'homme terrassé, qui rêve encore et souffre,
S'ouvre et s'enfonce avec l'attirance du gouffre.

Neither physical debauchery nor philosophic diabolism could long distract him from the unattainable ideal, and it is this which is one of the chief sources of his undiminished power of commanding men's attention and even affection. It is easy enough to detect pose or feebleness in the ordinary decadent; and Baudelaire's own works have made thousands of such. We are tempted to say to them, 'Stop this nonsense,' or 'Take some healthy exercise,' and conceive their cases as sufficiently dealt with. Baudelaire cannot be dismissed like that. It is not possible to despise him, and we are not able to suppose that he failed to understand anything: he did not pose, there was no medicine for him, and he was as familiar with the thoughts of others as with his own. Fifty years after his death, he still speaks in the portrait printed in the common edition of his poems. We see those dark, liquid, penetrating eyes looking out from under the contemplative forehead, the wide, shut mouth, the pouting under lip. There is pride in it that tells us we are to expect, in conversation, no confessional flow, no appeal for pity; nothing but courteous, precise, ironic sentences, acute brief analyses, observations slightly tinged with a bitter humor. But the soul in reserve is evident in the fixed, ardent, melancholy look. He suffered, and he was strong. When he died of general paralysis, locked up in a body without speech, his condition was an image of his whole life. He was always a prisoner beyond reach of human contact, and the lips in his portrait seem to say that wherever he may find himself he will be the same on earth or in interstellar space, in heaven or in hell, a wanderer, a solitary, and an alien. There was power in him, the power of a great personality; but his strength was strangely manifested. There is a story, by himself, with a hero whose impo-

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tence was 'so vast' that it was 'epic.'

His one resource — it can be explained no more and no less in him than in any other — was his art. And his genius as an artist was so extraordinary that his influence would still have been great had his character and 'subject-matter' lacked their peculiar qualities. He wrote impeccable prose; but his verse, for compactness, for accuracy, for music, cannot be surpassed. He may not be ranked with the world's greatest poets: humanity will scarcely concede that to a man whose principal work was labelled (not without reason) *Flowers of Evil*, and who was successfully prosecuted for obscenity: apart from which, volume of work, and universality of appeal are bound to count in such matters. But there certainly never was a poet who said with more perfection what he had to say, who had fewer weak lines or otiose words, who was more consistently near his own highest level of achievement. His sense of form was like that of the great masters in marble and bronze, and he worked like a slave in his narrow field, watering it with his sweat 'pour extorquer quelques épis.' Here, at any rate, his influence cannot but have been salutary. If the Symbolists trace to him the origins of their 'correspondences' and their mystical minglings of the senses, the Parnassians were certainly as much in his debt for the example he set of artistic self-discipline. To read him is to contract a disgust with looseness and diffuseness. It is perhaps significant that the memorial ode which the young Swinburne wrote on him was the most clear, vivid, and truly classic of all Swinburne's poems.

[*The Anglo-French Review*]

FRENCH CRITICS AND ENGLISH WOMEN-WRITERS

BY ROWLAND GREY

Surely, the chivalrous attitude of the French critic toward the English woman-writer is a charming aspect of *entente cordiale*, worthy of a note of admiration, if space lacks for the minute analysis it deserves. It dates, at least, from the day when a bashful girl of twenty disputed with Richardson the honor of having invented the English domestic novel, and it underlines in striking fashion the broad-mindedness of the intellectual outlook of the compatriots of Sainte-Beuve.

In France, there has been no delay. English genius has been at once crowned, talent fully recognized, often with far more delicate discernment of fine shades than in England. *Evelina* and *Camilla* were acclaimed in Paris, years before Fanny Burney's 'amour d'automne' made her a Frenchwoman by her happy union with General d'Arblay. It is said that she was offered — and declined — a place for her bust, in Panthéon, while she was still a prisoner at the dreary court of George III, with the insufferable Frau Schwellenburg as her jailor. Not until she was free at last, could her French knight-errant court her in the

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rose-garden of Juniper Hall, and atone by devotion until his death, for her martyrdom under the German yoke.

As to Maria Edgeworth, only her connection with the saintly Abbé who did — or did not — exclaim 'Fils de Saint-Louis, montez aux cieux' could account for her favor with those of Royalist sympathies. Yet, of general enthusiasm in France she had overwhelming testimony in her triumphant visits to Paris. Not her Protestantism, not the frequently tedious excess of moral with which her heavy father forced her to adorn her tales, not a sprinkling of French characters drawn with a touch of caricature, affected her popularity. Numerous translations, running into countless editions, were hurried out. As late as 1892, that didactic gem *Forester* was carefully edited for the use of French school children. The *Biographie Universelle,* if it calls her 'Mary,' does homage to her 'style clair et harmonieux,' 'Caractères d'homme, tracés avec une vigueur et une vérité extraordinaires,' 'Femmes séduisantes par la douceur, vivacité légère, coquetterie gracieuse qu'elle sait bien allier avec la vertu et la dignité.' It was no wonder Maria Edgeworth found France a 'pays de connaissance.'

Alas! the short and simple annals of Jane Austen fail to show that she was aware that those of her immortal books which had appeared were all translated into French during her lifetime. *Emma* bore the flattering sub-title 'Les caractères anglais du siècle.' The original translation of *Northanger Abbey,* if it made the most sparkling flapper in all fiction drink 'le grog' and dance at her début in the 'petit salon inférieur' instead of the Lower Rooms at Bath, was preceded by a peculiarly sympathetic memoir. The writer was already convinced of Jane Austen's supremacy. 'Son caractère était aussi poli que son esprit. . . Tout ce que sa plume traçait était parfait.' A version closer to the original was made in 1899 by Monsieur Félix Fénéon. It has for preface these decisive words; 'Depuis elle, le roman de mœurs anglais a paru se compliquer de paysage, de farce et de pathétique. Jane Austen l'aura formulé dans son type le plus pur.' It is quaint to find a direct link between Napoleon and the Austen family in the fact, only lately known, that he continued the pension of the Comtesse de la Feuillade, widowed by the guillotine, after her marriage with Jane's clever brother Henry, sometime a discontented chaplain at Berlin. This brilliant lady was niece to Mrs. Austen, and might have sat for the irresistible, if naughty, Mary Crawford of *Mansfield Park.* As Jane often stayed in London with this lively couple, she may be said, without exaggeration, to have eaten bread provided by her hereditary enemy.

Scottish Susan Ferrier — that unique author who stopped 'because she had nothing more to say' — had her modest recognition, for she, too, was read and praised. Of *Marriage* it was justly said: 'Cet ouvrage offre une peinture du grand monde qui, quoiqu'un peu exagérée et sévère, ne laisse pas d'être piquante et vraie.'

It is, however, regarding the Brontës that French writers have best shown the rare intuition which is the soul of true criticism. That there is now an increasing Brontë literature in France is less to French credit than the amazing contrast of the contemporary treatment of the masterpieces of Charlotte in the two countries. Lady Eastlake won an everlasting contempt by her inept bludgeoning of *Jane Eyre.* G. H. Lewes, after mangling *Villette,* wrung from his quivering vic-

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tim the poignant remonstrance: 'I can be on my guard against my enemies. The Lord deliver me from my friends.' Balm in Gilead was applied by Eugène Forcade who, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, may well have sneered at 'les écrivains qui font sentinelle auprès de la vieille société anglaise.' He, at least, is certain of the sex of Currer Bell, 'femme indocile et brave qui s'est battue avec la vie. George Sand, anglais.' Forcade grasped the truth that *Shirley* was as passionate, and a far more logical, appeal for women's rights than *Indiana*.

Après avoir lu *Shirley*, on jurerait qu'on a vécu avec tout ce monde-là — le naturel, le feu, le caprice du dialogue, enfin une certaine grâce générale. C'est un style qui ragaillardit l'esprit comme quelque chose de frais, d'alerte, et de sain.

What Forcade's praise meant to the bereaved and lonely genius, her pathetic letters show. To-day, the Abbé Dimnet, in his careful study *Les sœurs Brontë* where a mistake regarding the date of the birth of Charlotte should be rectified, deals with these daughters of Puritanism with noteworthy detachment from prejudice. He renders ample justice to the 'strength and beauty met together' of *Villette*, for all the violence of its attacks upon his own Church. The radiant magic of the Brontës made its appeal to the keen French brain, quick to recognize in their work the color that is unfading.

The recent centenary of George Eliot has naturally focused searchlights upon her, causing her compatriots to hesitate over the bestowal of the word 'genius' upon an achievement of widely varying merit. The *schwärmerei* of German Mathilde Blind, promising 'ever-growing fame,' is as a voice crying in the wilderness. We were not at war with France when George Eliot was at her zenith, indeed not a few of the wisest thought we should have been fighting beside her. Yet there is cogent reason for astonishment at her handsome reception in France, where her reputation still stands high. For she was ever a fervent disciple of the 'kultur' malignly rewarding her devotion by ruining her style. The arid labors of translating the *Das Leben Jesu* of Strauss not merely undermined her religious faith, but set its vindictive seal upon her art. 'A little more Paris, a little less Berlin.' Mr. Gosse was indeed right.

Who knows, if George Eliot's profound admiration and knowledge of French literature had vanquished her obsession for that 'old, wise Germany' she viewed through the misleading rose-colored spectacles of Madame de Staël, whether the charm of her cowslip-scented early books might not have endured to the end? Molière was her favorite playwright, *Le Misanthrope* her favorite play. Had she let Molière exert his sunny influence, we might never have had to mourn what Mr. G. K. Chesterton calls 'the spectacle of a fine mind slowly drying up.' When she reached Paris, she knew the French language thoroughly and spoke it with an atrocious accent. She was plain, provincial, and badly dressed, her queer habit of affecting Paris hats in the extreme of fashion only making the general effect more deplorable. Her idea of conversation as a series of Hamlet-like soliloquies was antipathetic to the tradition of the French hostess. Her personality was unattractive and a target for ridicule for a malicious pen. Praise of Germany was ever upon her lips.

Yet these drawbacks never affected one as did the chorus of welcome that was readily accorded to her books. Edmond Schérer wrote long articles eulogizing her work as 'parfumé de

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sagesse.' He insisted that 'la joyeuse Mrs. Poyser' was the equal of Sancho Panza, though 'joyeuse' is hardly the 'mot juste.' She was even hailed 'le premier romancier de l'Angleterre.' He did more than this, for at a time when neither George Eliot nor her publisher could convince the British public that she and not the Rev. Mr. Liggins was indeed the author of *Adam Bede*, Montégut has no doubt as to the sex of the book he analyzes with such fine skill. Taine, it is true, dismisses 'Mistress Lewes' rather curtly, merely ranking her amid a bevy of worthy descendants of Scott, 'L'Homère de la Bourgeoisie.' Malfroy, in editing 'son œuvre le plus parfait, *Silas Marner*,' reasonably questions her success as an essayist.

She made no addition to the fine gallery of French portraits from English pens. She created no such exquisite great lady as Thackeray's Léonore de Florac, far less such a fascinating *viveur* as her son, the Prince de Montcontour. She told no *Tale of Two Cities*, with such noble shadows as Doctor Manette, nor gave us a rival to the bewitching Renée de Croisnel of Meredith. Yet, the general consensus of opinion seems to have been enthusiasm which, if tempered, endures.

Able translations abound, combating the difficulties of dialect with creditable success. Memoirs, notes to English editions for the use of students — all tend to place her upon the pedestal she honestly believed herself to occupy. Comparisons with George Sand were intended as the highest compliment, though Professor Saintsbury shows the resemblance to be superficial and largely unliterary.

There is satisfactory evidence in her letters to Madame Bodichon that she appreciated the quality of the French criticism abundantly bestowed upon her, and she has left one pleasant token of recognition in an article upon 'French Women and Madame de Sablé' — curiously misprinted 'Tablé' in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. This is, possibly, the best essay she ever wrote, yet German-minded G. H. Lewes excluded it from the volume of reprints from *The Westminster Review*. She speaks of:

> Those delightful women of France . . . always refined and graceful, often witty, sometimes judicious, they wrote of what they saw, thought, and felt in their habitual language without proposing any model to themselves, without any intention to prove that women could write — as well as men — without affecting manly views, or suppressing feminine ones. . . . These writings were but a charming accident in their more charming lives, like the petals the wind shakes from the roses. In France, alone, woman has had a vital influence in the development of literature; in France, alone, the mind of woman has passed like an electric current through the language, making crisp and definite what is elsewhere heavy and blurred.

The pity of it is that George Eliot did not allow the lucidity she commended with such fervor to inspire her to imitation.

It is tempting to linger over this phase of chivalrous criticism — it is delightful to meet critics fearless to praise, when it is easier to blame. The English woman-writer has her own garland of French laurels — and these laurels are unfading.

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[*The English Review*]

WOMEN IN PRESENT-DAY BRITISH POLITICS

BY CICELY HAMILTON

WOMAN, as a citizen, has so far made little definite impression upon public affairs; the nation's politics, to all appearance, is still a masculine preserve. The woman elector who records her vote at the next general election will record it for a man-devised programme, for a party run on masculine traditions — traditions as yet scarcely influenced by the new element in citizenship.

Quite apart from inexperience, there are valid excuses for her apathy and lack of initiative. Democracy, all the world over, has lost faith in itself and its methods. Further, the official entry of women into politics took place at an unfortunate moment; at a moment, that is to say, when the much-demanded vote had declined in value — since representative institutions and all that they stand for had practically ceased to exist. While the war lasted, representative institutions lapsed — in fact, if not in law; their methods of criticism, discussion, and compromise being incompatible with the rapidity and secrecy demanded by the national danger, they were — (as always) — set aside till the national danger had passed. Set aside firmly and inevitably, in accordance with the unwritten provisions of the real 'Social Contract.'

The real 'Social Contract,' by virtue of which governments exist, and human beings submit to their ordinances, is, in all its provisions, a compromise between the will to self-direction and the need for personal security. That we may be reasonably certain of life, health, and property, that we may sleep sound o' nights without fear of sudden violence, we resign the desirable privilege of doing in all things as we please, of spending all our gains as we will; paying for the security afforded by police protection, decent drains, and the like, by parting with a measure of our pleasant right of self-direction. Rates and taxes are merely another name for forced labor, forced abstinence, loss of freedom; such forced labor and abstinence being the price exacted for security provided by the State. The fundamental justification of all forms of government lies neither in the Divine Right of Peoples, nor of Kings, but in the power of Peoples, or Kings, to furnish good value in security for the measure of freedom surrendered. And a stable condition of government is the result, not only of reasonable security, but of general conviction on the part of the community that it is not being asked to pay too high a price in loss of self-direction — forced labor and abstinence — for the measure of security provided.

Security — like butter — has a higher value in seasons when it is not plentiful; in times of real danger (as during the war) the price exacted for it in loss of self-direction would be refused in days of peace. Free institutions — that is to say, our system of Parliamentary representation and criticism — were bartered for security in 1914, and bartered without protest or resentment. The power of the purse for which Hampden died, the right of

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free speech for which Wilkes fought an oligarchy — these and other safeguards of a people's liberties went by the board before the first British soldier had set foot on the quay at Boulogne. For the time being security, threatened, had gone up in price; and political liberties were cheapened — a drug in the market. An immediate change in values had been brought about by the peril of the European war.

We were still suffering from the effects of that change in values when Parliament, in its wisdom, saw fit to grant the franchise to women. A few years earlier, 'Votes for Women' was a cry to rouse partisan passion in adherents and opponents alike; but it is safe to say that at the moment the measure enfranchising women became law of the land, a large proportion of those concerned would have been stirred to far greater emotion by the news that Big Bertha had exploded, or that bacon had gone down threepence. And this lack of immediate enthusiasm or protest, so far from being reprehensible, showed a praiseworthy sense of proportion; food and the destruction of enemy armaments were of far more importance at the moment than the status of women or the ballot box.

If political values have not yet attained their pre-war level, they have altered, considerably, since the day our enfranchisement was granted; and what it imports us to know is, how far the initial — and in the circumstances natural — indifference of woman to the fact of her citizenship is wearing off? How soon, and after what fashion, will women make themselves felt as a factor in public affairs, not only in those public affairs which definitely concern the province of home and children, but in those general matters which affect all citizens alike? . . . Have they, on such questions, a point of view which will influence and modify the aims of existing parties? Or, will they merely swell the ranks of existing parties, accepting their masculine tradition?

As regards what may be termed purely feminine politics, there is a fairly definite programme which is supported by feminists, practically all the world over; a programme whose root-demand and principle is equality of status in matters political and personal; equal suffrage, without 'fancy' discriminations — such as that on the ground of age—equal rights in marriage and in the guardianship of legitimate children; that is to say, abolition of all legal sanction to the idea of a wife as property. And the programme, where sexual offenses are concerned, may be summed up, briefly, as a demand that the law shall not penalize the offender who happens to be easiest to catch. . . . That simple principle has, so far, guided male legislation on the subject.

On the economic side of the charter is the claim for 'equal pay for equal work'; its application, a demand that the principle shall be carried into practice in the Civil Service; the government, as employer, giving to its fellow employer a lead in the right direction. With this claim is bound up another: that employment in all grades of the Civil Service shall be open to women as to men, the state thus affirming the principle of equality of opportunity.

All these demands have been pressed in the past and are bound to be pressed in the future; for behind some of them, at least — such as that for equality of opportunity — stands not only the conscious purpose of those who desire the advancement of women and resent their disabilities, but the semi-conscious yet very definite revolt against domesticity in all its forms — the life bounded by the home. The war only brought to a head the distaste of women of every class for duties connected with the household; with the younger genera-

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tion of women workers, domestic service and private teaching had long been looked on as work fit only for those who could get nothing better. For good or for evil, that fact is bound to color woman's political outlook to an extent that is not yet realized by the man who sees in her a home-loving animal, to be satisfied with measures affecting the welfare of the family. It must be remembered, in fairness, that the home has not only been woman's kingdom — it has been her prison as well; hence there is nothing unnatural — rather the reverse — in her eagerness to be free of its duties, to seek her livelihood elsewhere. The reaction, it may be, will wear itself out; but in the meantime, it is a force to be reckoned with — in the life industrial and social, and, through these, in the life political.

And be it noted that the revolt against domestic careers is not confined to these islands; it would seem to be a characteristic of the women of civilized races. In Austria, a few months ago, I was told of the difficulty of obtaining cooks and housemaids — in Austria, where large industry is practically at a standstill, and any sort of living hard to get. The problem may not be so acute as it is here — but it is a problem all the same. And the cry in all new countries for domestic help is not only a post-war cry. Nor is the spirit which prompts the objection to household service confined to one sex only; it reveals itself in men in the stubborn refusal to work on the land — a refusal which swells the tale of the unemployed in American cities, while farmers seek in vain for labor, and demand the immigrant who will condescend to toil in the fields. The phenomenon, apparently, results from a growing gregariousness in the race; due partly, perhaps, to our mode of education — in crowds — but more largely to the use of machinery. Steam and electricity are potent herding factors; we live where we can feed the machine, and the machine, in turn, feeds us. Hence, the majority of men and women have learned to dread quiet of all things; they seek to work noisily, in numerous company, to exist in the stir of a crowd.

It may be taken for granted that the natural tendency of the woman of today is to refuse work that is domestic, so long as any other is open to her; and that this tendency, in politics as elsewhere, will eventually clash with the masculine endeavor to keep her in her proper sphere. The clash may be sharp in the near future. As Europe realizes her inability to maintain a pre-war population, and the struggle for life grows keener, very definite efforts will certainly be made to oust women's labor from all industries that are not domestic. Nor is it likely that the process will cease when demand and supply have balanced each other in the domestic service market. Statesmanship, masculine as well as feminine, may have to reckon with an attempt, more or less instinctive, more or less deliberate, to exclude her from any calling that might give her economic independence.

The resulting situation may not be easy to handle. If the war improved the position of the male trade-unionist financially, it also weakened it morally 'Skilled' trades, under pressure of necessity, were mastered, often with rapidity and ease, by diluted feminine labor; and the fiction that years of a man's life must be devoted to the acquiring of a particular mechanical process was exploded once for all. To the women of every belligerent country has been revealed the fact that in many walks of the life industrial they can do just as well as their brothers; and they cannot be expected to turn down the page of their history on which that ex-

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perience is written, or recognize, when they need to earn their bread, that the regulations which exclude them from making their living as they will, are anything but harsh and arbitrary. While the male worker, also pressed by the need to earn his bread, is bound to assert his right to a monopoly of the trades he holds — and even, as the pressure grows harder, to attempt to enlarge his preserve. . . . Masculine as well as feminine statesmanship will have to take long views on the subject; considering, among other problems, the complicated problem of the birth rate. How far — given need for decreasing population — is it advisable to drive women into matrimony and less reputable forms of dependence on men by depriving them of other means of livelihood?

There are certain current questions on which women, if they were not apathetic toward public affairs, would certainly have made themselves heard. One of these is the housing difficulty; since lack of decent accommodation presses far more hardly on the still considerable body of home-keeping women than it does on the average man. The full wretchedness of overcrowding is borne by the wife and mother. Yet no woman's organization, so far as I know, has ventured on even a polite remonstrance with those who have failed to deliver the necessary goods. The non-party attitude may be carried too far; any representative body of women would have at least the moral right to propose what are known as 'conversations' on the subject with the monopolists of the bricklaying industry. 'Conversations' in which could be set forth with frankness the point of view of that class of consumer which suffers, above all others, from restriction in housing supply.

The omission to make any such move is the more regrettable because it is plain that legislation in the future will tend more and more to become a matter of arrangement between the interests of organized bodies. In our modern and complicated society, it is inevitable that Parliament should delegate many of its former functions to forms of representation which have made, and are making, themselves a part of the life of the State. Measures affecting particular trades and interests are put forward only after consultation with those interests, Parliament, representing the general public, reserving to itself little but the right of revision and criticism. In the controversy with the building unions, the ex-service man has intervened — his interests being plainly affected by refusal to admit him to the trade; but (so far as I know) women's organizations have not yet pressed their claim for the special consideration which is also due to them. Yet, it is a claim that, put forward, would be upheld by the public sense of justice.

In the same way, it is to be doubted if any considerable body of women has as yet grasped the fact that they have a special right to be consulted in the matter of the hospital system, that the threatened failure of the voluntary hospital concerns women, as a class, even more than it concerns their men. The closing of hospitals means inevitably an increase in the amount of nursing that will have to be done in the home by the average amateur woman, who will suffer, not only by being deprived of proper care in her own times of sickness, but by the extra labor, the work, and worry involved by the sickness of others. . . . The moral right of the housekeeping woman to special consideration and hearing when hospital arrangements are under discussion is so clear and patent that it has, one imagines, only to be stated in order to be frankly admitted; yet it would seem

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to be unlikely that the right will be urged when the medical profession makes its bargain with the Ministry of Health.

The medical profession, like every other, has its post-war difficulties — difficulties that amount to a crisis. It is faced with the fact that the classes which formerly paid doctors' fees and subscriptions to hospitals — including the medical schools where the doctor obtains his training — can no longer afford to do both. The hospitals, no doubt, could be saved from bankruptcy by the more general admission of the paying patient; but the admission of the paying patient would mean not only a blow to the lucrative nursing home industry, but an immediate loss of fees to the medical profession as a whole. That is the position, economically, as regards the medical profession, which, as a body, must desire to keep the paying patient out of the general hospital. It must desire to keep the general hospital on a non-paying basis, and to supplement its falling income by assistance out of rates or taxes.

Whatever the ultimate decision and bargain, the women of the classes affected unfavorably will always be the greatest sufferers. As the closing of wards, under present conditions, adds sick nursing to the duties of one class of woman, so continued refusal to provide accommodation for the paying patient adds sick nursing to the duties of the woman of the struggling middle class — the class which cannot afford the expense of a nursing home, and will be hit by the hospital rate. In these circumstances, the right to be consulted is clear; were it claimed, it would hardly be denied. The fact that it has not been claimed is merely another proof of our apathy in public affairs, our lack of understanding foresight as to how they will affect our private lives.

There is another claim that should be made — and made with a steady insistence. In all industrial disputes that affect our actual conditions of living — the price of necessities, of housing, fire, and food — the women of the housekeeping class should be represented during the negotiations for a settlement. Progress in politics, as in every other sphere, means adaptation to environment; and our political environment is not what it was before the days of the frequent industrial blockade. The root-principle of industrial blockade — like that of international blockade — is the use of the non-combatant as an auxiliary fighting force; the non-combatant — the consumer — is deprived of necessaries, in the hope that, having suffered enough from the want of them, he will clamor for the peace that means relief, and force the government to consent to the price that is asked for it. In every industrial conflict on a large scale, the consumer is used as a weapon; and it is the housekeeping class whose hardships are most effective in producing the results desired. It is placed, in such conflicts, in the position of a semi-belligerent. The housekeeping interest, therefore, has a right to insist that, as it is a combatant — however unwillingly — it shall be represented at the settlement. Having been enlisted in the service of a belligerent, and used as an auxiliary, it must be admitted as a party to the making of peace.

A right — even though it be but the right to concern yourself with your own affairs — is seldom conceded unasked; we cannot, therefore, expect that the housekeeping interest will be recognized as a party to industrial warfare and peace-making unless it demands such recognition. At the same time, it is more than possible that the demand, once made, would not meet with great opposition; the politician,

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of whatever party, who looked beyond the gain of the moment, and was not prejudiced against the interference of women, merely because they are women, might see in the intervention of the housekeeping interest an influence that would make for understanding. The housekeeping interest is common to all classes; the foundations of its prosperity, in all ranks of life, are laid upon the same commodities. Being so constituted, its advantage advantages others — even those who oppose its desires in the name of a party or cause.

There would be no immediate or startling results from the innovation; man would still be a fighting animal. But the representation of the housekeeping interest during 'conversations' or negotiations would be a reminder of that domestic, individual side of life which man, as a rule, thrusts out of his memory when fired and possessed by the collective spirit, the spirit that makes for conflict. Men fight when they have limited their interests, and are conscious of only one aspect of their lives — when they are coal owners, railwaymen, Englishmen, Germans only — not human beings of many interests, with lives of more than one aspect. The result of the interposition might be valuable to more than the housekeeper. . . . And there would be a result upon public opinion — also gradual, but none the less valuable — from reports on the various agreements arrived at, published in the widespread housekeeping interest, with a view to pointing out in what manner the peace terms affected it.

To recapitulate the idea underlying these suggestions: our system of government is undergoing modification — and feminine statesmanship will have to watch keenly the rise of new forms of authority. The tendency toward government by trades and interests may become something more than a threat to women in general, if coupled with the other tendency to exclude them from important trades and interests, from the callings that count politically. Citizenship — the right of the vote — may exist only as a nominal privilege, if the power of Parliament has been largely superseded by institutions where the needs of women count for little.

And there is another point to be remembered when considering this possible exclusion from rising forms of authority. It is this: though we do not yet know whether women will stand effectively for peace, it is deadly certain that no other agency does. In the interests of humanity — if only as a last poor hope — they should be brought in contact with every form of conflict and tried. And if, as a result of that trial, the fighting instinct is in any way curbed or checked — then, whether they will it or repel it, authority should be thrust into their hands.

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[*Punch*]

THE COMMON TOUCH

['Dolls, dolls' furniture, colored bricks, and other playthings from the tomb of a little Roman girl of the time of Tiberius have just come into the possession of the Berlin Museum.'—*Daily Paper.*]

LITTLE dead maid from the time of Tiberius,
You have been sleeping so long with your toys;
You must have hushed them with whispers mysterious,
Bade them be good, and not make any noise.
Surely, you said at the end of your playtime,
When you had kissed them and sung them to sleep,
'You must be quiet and wait till the daytime.'
Oh, the long vigil you gave them to keep!

Where are the rooms that once rang with your laughter?
Where are the stairways that echoed your feet?
Marble, and bronze, and the sweet cedarn rafter—
All, now, are dust with the dust of the street.
But in the darkness where someone had laid them,
Since they were yours, and that place was the best,
Time and his leaguers—who else had betrayed them—
Shattered an empire, but left them at rest.

Down the long road that begins with your story,
We have peered wistfully into the gloom,
Watching the shadows of Rome and her glory;
Hearing the echoes of triumph and doom;
Yet, with your bricks and your dollies at bedtime,
You, with the games of your brief summer while,
You are the bridge of the living and dead time—
Clio kneels down to your toys with a smile.

'THINKING OF SHORES THAT I SHALL NEVER SEE'

BY LAURENCE BINYON

THINKING of shores that I shall never see,
And things that I would know, but am forbid
By Time and briefness, treasuries locked from me
In unknown tongue, or human bosom hid,

Knowing how unsure is all my knowledge, doled
To sloven memory and to cheated sense,
And to what majesty of stars I hold
My little candle of experience.

In the vast night, in the untraveled night,
I sigh and seek: And there is answer none.
But in the silence, that sure pressure slight
Of your heart beating close against my own.

O Love, Love, where in you is any bound?
Fool, I, to seek, who have infinitely found.

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